POOR ROBIN'S
JESTS:
OR,
The Compleat Jester.

BEING

A Collection of ſeveral Jeſts not heretofore publiſhed.

Now newly compoſed and written

BY

POOR ROBIN,

Knight of the Burnt-Iſland, and Well-willer to the Mathematicks.

Together with the true and lively Effigies of the ſaid Author.

Licenſed according to Order.

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TO THE
Intelligble Reader

DId not Custom claim an Epistle, I might have saved my self this labor of writing one; and yet let me tell thee, that good Wine may be sold within, although there hangs no Bush at the door. Now thou dost expect (I suppose) that I should say something of these JESTS; if I should tell thee that they were all good, I think thou wouldst not believe me; and if thou shouldst say they were all bad, I profess I should not believe thee. I suppose they are not like to the

women in the World, becauſe here is more good ones than bad ones; whereas amongſt them, there is more bad than good: If after the peruſal of them thou finde fault, reflect upon thy ſelf, whether thou haſt not more Vices than Vertues within thee, and forbear to cenſure too rigidly, leſt a wiſer head than thy own commending them, thou for thy pains be accounted a fool.

But me thinks I hear ſome long-ear'd fellow to ſay that the moſt of theſe are but Collections, the Works of other men; and therefore the leſs to be regarded: why *Apes-face*, let me ask thee this Queſtion; Is the Honey the worſe, becauſe the Bee ſucks it out of many Flowers? or is the Spiders Web the more to be praiſed, becauſe it is extracted out of her own Bowels? Wilt thou ſay the Taylor did not make the Garment, becauſe the Cloath it was made of, was weaved by the Weaver?

ver? 'Tis true, many of these Jests were delivered before by others, but with so much prolixity, and in such a rough stile, as was both tedious and unpleasant to the Reader; but now they are so ordered, that the worst of them all may pass with Approbation, if thou dost not marre their sence, by thy ill-favor'd reading of them; which if thou shouldest do in my hearing, I professe, as I am a true man, an honest man, and no Taylor, I should be very angry with thee for thy labor.

And now let me tell thee, that besides the old, here is a great many new ones; yea, spick and span new, scattered amongst the others (like Plumbs in a Cake) to make the old ones to relish the better: and indeed Jests are like Cakes, which should have in them the sweet *Plumbs* of pleasant Language, *spiced* with Delight, and *sugered* with Pleasure; but the neareſt Re-

ſemblance is, that Jeſts and Cakes are both of them beſt when they are broken.

Now if thou likeſt them, *ſo*; if thou diſlike them, then, *ſo, ſo*: but if thy Teeth ſtand like an old Park-pale, here one rotten, and there one out; forbear to read them before thy Sweet-heart, leſt when thou grinneſt, thou diſcover ſo much, as to help thee, thou be forced to flee to the old Proverb for refuge, *That thoſe whoſe Teeth are out kiſs ſoftly.*

Much more might be ſaid, if there were a neceſſity for it; but if thou beeſt not *wiſe*, then thou art *otherwiſe*; now if thou beeſt *wiſe*, then *a word to the wiſe is ſufficient*; and if thou beeſt *otherwiſe*, all the words that I can uſe, will not make thee a wiſe man.

Next, a word or two to the women, and then I will conclude: Two ſorts of the Female Sex would

I ad-

I adviſe by all means not to read this Book, *viz.* thoſe women that have made their Husbands Cuckolds, and thoſe that paint their Faces. For the firſt ſort, thoſe women that wear Cork-ſhooes, which makes them to be light-heel'd, let them not dare to touch it, leſt they meet with ſome paſſages in it, which may make them to bluſh as red, as if they had been drinking of Burnt-Claret, when they conſider with themſelves, that by their doing, and being done, their Husbands, who (had they had honeſt Wives) might have lived and dyed handſom, fine, ſmooth-headed men, now by theſe Wag-tails are metamorphoſed into ſuch kinde of Creatures, as Bulls, Oxen, Stags, Rams, Goats, Humble-Bees, and Snails.

Then for thoſe that paint their Faces, if they ſhould laugh themſelves into an extraordinary Sweat, it might chance to ſpoil their Com-

plexions, by reaſon of their *Fucus* melting off; let them therefore forbear, *fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd*: for all other ſorts of women, let them read and welcome, laugh till they bepiſs themſelves, it is but waſhing their Smocks again; ſo fall too, and much good may it do you.

Yours in all Civil Mirth,

POOR ROBIN.

Will.

Will. Summers in Commendation of this Book.

I Who did live i'th' days of eighth King Harry
(That in his time six several Wives did marry,)
And oft did make him laugh his belly full,
With Jests I put upon Cardinal Wol-
Sey, *do now appear again in print*
For this same Book, to tell you what is in't;
'Tis with a Medley of such queint Jests stor'd,
The best that any Age did yet afford:
For other Commendations it don't need them;
They're good upon my word, and therefore read
(them.

Scoggin on the Book.

I Hitherto have lived in great fame,
But these queint Jests will quite eclipse my name,
And put me down (so far they do excel)
Even as a Bucket is put down a Well:
For those whose Wits are dull, whose Brains are dry,
Here is at least a Twelve-months fresh supply.

Me

Me thinks I see when Tom *and* Will *doth read them,*
How all the Company with attention heed them:
Such store of Mirth it breeds when they sit quaffing, (*laughing.*
That Jenny *breaks her Twatling strings with*
My Commendations of them in this Verse,
It like my greazing the fat Sow o'th' Ar--
For they are stor'd with so much mirth and sport,
The longest Verse doth in their praise come short.

Dick Tarlton on the Compleat Jester

NExt to Will. Summers, *and my Brother* Scoggin,
Let me amongst the rest put my dry bob in;
For you will say there were some reason for't,
If you had seen me in Queen Besses *Court,*
Where I did live in great renown and bravery,
And pleas'd the people with my harmless kna---
But some wil say, what needeth all this clatter?
Here's nothing hath been spoken to the matter.
'Tis true indeed, the thoughts of my past glory,
Hid made me almost quite forget my story;
Which was (if I am not therein mistook)
To give my Approbation of this Book:
All I shall say, is, those that discommend it,
Let them (if they can do the same) commend it.

Pasquil

Pasquil upon the following Jests.

MY being was i'th' days of Mother Bunch,
Who sold good Liquor, Sider, Ale & Punch,
Metheglin, Perry, Usquebah, and Coffee,
As good as ere was drunk by Persian Sophy:
And sometimes Brandy, Chocolet, Stepony,
Which thither did invite many a Croney;
Where whilest they sat a drinking of their Ale,
Each man by turns did tell a merry Tale;
Which I had printed in one Book for sport too,
Neither in Twelves, nor Octo, but in Quarto:
That Book of mine, and if you do resort to,
'Twill make you laugh, and smile, and if not fart too:
But yet I must confess, I can't deny it,
This following Book (unless I should bely it)
Surpasses mine in so many degrees,
As Water is by Wine, or Chalk by Cheese.

Long-Meg of Westminster *on the Book.*

AMongst the men, next give a woman place too,
Who once did live in great renown and grace too;
And for being tall, and kept a filthy stir,
Men stiled me Long-Meg of Westminster.

Many

Many mad pranks I play'd, and many a gamble,
Whilſt in this lower Orb I had my ramble;
For which my name grew great, and thundred ſo,
Lowder than Cannon-ſhot, or Bell of Bow.
And be it known unto all Chriſtian people,
It mounted higher far than is Pauls-*ſteeple:*
That ſince the days Eve *woo'd our father* Adam,
Was never known a ſtouter ſtrapping Madam.
But now I fear as ſure as Eggs *are* Eggs *too,*
And that mens Bodies are born by their Legs too;
Theſe Jeſts puts down my fame, have me outſtripped, (*whipped.*
As School-boys puts down hoſe when they are

Hobſon, the merry *Londoner*, in praiſe of this Book.

FOrth from the hollow Caverns of old Tellus
I come to ſpend my breath, like winde from Bellows,
To tell the world this Book it hath no fellows;
Read it, 'twill cure the jealous of the Fellows,
The rich of pride, the ſad of melancholy,
The poor of ſpleen, the ſimple-man of folly:
It is the onely Univerſal Doctor, (*ber.*
I will cure thee of the P--- if thou haſt knock-

There's

There's no diſeaſe of care, nor yet of griefe too,
But reading this, it gives the minde relief too:
Then if for to be cur'd, thy minde be willing,
Pull out thy purſe, the price is but a ſhilling.

Archy in praiſe of this Book.

AMongſt the train of nimble wits march I,
King Charls *the Martyrs Jeſter, famous* Archy;
Valiant I was, as was french Knight da Amadis
And full of mirth, as Egg-ſhell with meat cramb'd is;
And which o'th' matter ſets a higher rate too,
Jeſted my ſelf into a good Eſtate too.
Now ſince my cenſure muſt paſs on this Book,
I durſt avouch, if that ther upon you look,
You'll finde rare jocund tales, both new & old too
By ſeveral men, and at ſeveral times told too,
For what Taylor *of* Coriats *works once utter'd,*
Th'were good as toſted Cheeſe, or Fiſh that's butter'd;
Might in a better ſence of theſe be taken,
They're good as powder'd Beef, or Egs & Bacon.

Poor

LAſtly, for to bring up the Rear,
In my own perſon I appear,
To make it known unto the world,
What falſhoods have on me been hurl'd:
One ſays I'm this, another that,
And moſt do prate they know not what;
For like to Geeſe in mud that paddle,
Each brood his Eggs, and all prove addle.
One ſays that I a Parſon am,
He heard me preach, and knows my name;
And if that lyes be true, then he
Has hit the truth aſſuredly;
But if that it be otherwiſe,
Then truth is truth, and he tells lyes.
Another in me a Lawyer ſees,
That in falſe Caſe I ne'r took Fees;
But ſure the man in's judgement's blinde,
For why, ſuch Lawyers few can finde.
Another doth affirm me for
A Doctor, or a Quack ſalver,
(Or if you will a Mountebank,
Where Jack Pudding on Stage is crank)
And that I do cure each Diſeaſe,
Loſt Maiden-heads, or what you pleaſe:
But were I a Doctor, I'd be trying,
To cure that party of his lying.

Another

Another says it is a Knight.
Poor Robin's *Almanack does write:*
Another says it is a Squire;
And I say each of them's a lyer.
One did report I was a Vulcan,
Because (they say) I love a full Can:
Another in his words did vary,
Said I was an Apothecary.
A third, whose brains were something addler,
Averr'd for truth I was a Sadler.
A fourth hath an opinion newer,
That I love Beer, and am a Brewer:
But he had been a truer hinter,
That I love Wine, and am a Vintner:
For though in trade from truth they vary,
I must confess I love Canary.
Now I have told you what I am not,
But what I am, to tell I cannot;
For he who can himself conjecture,
Is wiser than our late Protector,
Who had forgot he was a Brewer,
And could above him none endure:
Nor think I he could prophecy,
When dead, his head should mount so high;
Or that his Trunk with two on's fellows,
Should buried be under the Gallows.
But they who do desire to know me,
If they such love or kindness owe me,

Came

Come to Limehouſe *near to* Dicks-ſhore,
A mile from Aldgate, *if not more*;
Near unto Sign *of the* White Lyon,
Hard by's a Shop, if you caſt eye on;
I may be found without all doubt,
Always within, if not gone out.
There do I ſit ſome certain hours,
Contemplating the Starry Powers:
And from that place, as may be gueſt,
Brought up Will Summers *and the reſt*
From Elyzium, *or from* Limbo,
To make Verſe like rime in Crambo,
In commendation of this Book,
As you may read, if there you look.
Now Limagine in all reaſon,
I've writ enough at this ſame ſeaſon:
And thoſe who like not this Epiſtle,
Lay the Book down, and go whiſtle.

P. R.

WRitten *at* Lime-houſe, *near* Dicks-ſhore,
The day 'th' Month, Five and a ſcore:
The Month April, *th' hour Eleven,*
Year Sixteen Hundred Sixty Seven.

POOR

POOR ROBINS JESTS:

OR,

The Compleat Jester.

The Lady and Tenant.

A LADY inviting ſome of her Tenants to Dinner at a Chriſtmas, as ſoon as Grace was ſaid, fell to commending her meat; ſaying, there was a Sir-loyn of Beef, the Ox whereof coſt ten pounds, and a Capon that coſt half a Crown, *&c.* A poor man ſitting at the lower end of the Table, hearing her diſcourſe, fell ſtraightways upon the Capon, before the others were paſt their Roaſt-Beef: the Lady ſeeing that, called to him, ſaying, My friend, eat ſome of that Roaſt-

Beef. *No Madam* (ſaid he) *an Ox of ten pounds is too dear meat for me, a Capon of half a Crown will ſerve my turn well enough, I thank you.*

Another.

THe ſame Lady carving a wing of a moſt dainty Bird to another of her Gueſts, told him that thoſe ſorts of Birds were worth no leſs than five pounds a dozen: To whom the fellow ſaid, *If you pleaſe Madam, I will content my ſelf with Beef or Pork, and give me my ſhare of thoſe Birds in money.*

Wil. Summers *and Cardinal* Woolſey.

WIll. *Summers* that was firſt Cardinal *Woolſey's* Fool, hearing that his Maſter was like to be Pope, came running to the Cardinal, and with great expreſſions of Joy, told him what he had heard: Why art thou ſo over-joyed at this Newes, ſaid *Woolſey* to his Fool? Marry, quoth *Will*, becauſe that I hope when you are Pope, you will do as St. *Peter* did when he was Pope. What was that, ſaid the Cardinal? *Why, St. Peter when he was Pope, he brought in Lent, and all Faſting-dayes, becauſe his Father and Brothers were Fiſhermen; and I hope when you are Pope, you will*

put

put them all down, because your Father and Brothers were Butchers.

King Henry *the Eighth.*

KIng *Henry* the Eighth having beheaded two or three of his Wives, and desirous still of more change, sent a Messenger into *Germany*, to treat with a very honorable Lady there in way of Marriage; she that had heard how he sad served other of his Wives before, returned this Answer by the Messenger, *That to be his Queen she would willingly venture her body, but she was very loath to venture her head.*

This Scholar deserv'd Wine.

A Young and pregnant Scholar who was Nephew to an Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*; the Bishop sent him from his own Table a Dish of Fish, and bade that he should make a pair of Verses *ex tempore* upon that subject; which the Scholar presently did in this manner:

Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepiscopo non penatur, quia potus non mihi datur.

The Arch-bishop, and they that were at Table with him, laughed heartily at the

conceit; but one Gentleman who underſtood not Latine, wiſht it had been in Engliſh, that he might have laught with them; whereupon the paper was ſent back to the Scholar, that he ſhould turn it into Engliſh, which he did thus:

There was ſent me fiſh, in a diſh, from the Archbiſh-
Hop was not here, becauſe he ſent no Beer.

An impertinent Hoſt.

AN Hoſt (a ſmall Wit) had bargain'd with an humorous Painter for the new drawing of his Sign, which was to be that of St. *George* and the Dragon; and moſt earneſtly and often, even to the interruption of his work, importuned and intreated him to have an eſpecial care, that he drew St. *George* with a moſt killing Countenance (to the life) and ever and anon renewing his deſire, the cholerick Painter looked very ſternly upon him, and taking off his Pencil from the frame, ſaid, *Mine Hoſt, be quiet, and leave your prating, or (the Devil take my wife) if I do not make the Dragon kill St.* George.

The

The Cut-purse and Watch.

A Company of Gentlemen being drinking together in an Ale-house, a bold Cut-purse intruded himself into their company: at last one of the Gentlemen mist his Watch; and knowing he had it when he came into the room, a Constable was straight sent for, where by mutual consent it was agreed amongst them, that all the Company there present should be searched for it; amongst which was this Cut-purse, but he had before conveyed it into such a secret place in his hose, that nothing was found about him; but long he had not sat there, when the Watch which had a Larum in it, rang such a peal, as gave notice to them all who was the Thief; which he seeing, gave the Gentleman his Watch again, saying, *What ill luck had I to escape the Constable, and be taken by the Watch?*

The Gallant Cut-purse.

ANother Cutpurse being in a very gentile habit, or as we ordinarily say, as fine as a Lord, had in a Crowd nipt the Bung of a Countrey-man, and taken away all his money; which the Country-man perceived well enough, but seeing him so brave, durst

not charge him with it. Soon after, his hand was taken in another mans Pocket, and a cry being made of *a Cut-purse, a Cut-purse*, he was thereupon hurried away by a the multitude before a Justice of the Peace, with whom the Countrey-man went along for company; where when the accuser had done his tale, the Countrey man stepped up before the Justice, and told him, That his worship (meaning the Thief) had also stolen away his purse. *Marry*, said the Justice, *and I'le tell ye friend, we shall make so bold as to hang his worship for the same.*

One cured of his money.

ONe who had gotten a pain in his limbs, rid down to the Bath to be cured of the same; but being come thither, he chanced to light into some drunken company, where first he spent all his money, afterwards sold his Horse, and spent that: Upon his return he told some of his friends that he was perfectly cured; *For though he rid down to the Bath on Horse-back, yet he came up again from thence on foot.*

Sir Harry Vane.

SIr *Harry Vane* Junior having made a Speech in the Long-Parliament, about the

the beginning thereof; when he had done; Sir *Arthur Hazelrig* ſtept up and ſaid; *Well Gentlemen, if young Sir* Harry Vane *lives till he be old*—— and breaking off there abruptly; one ſaid, Sir *Arthur*, and what then? *then* (ſaid he) *he will be old Sir* Harry Vane.

The Jeſuite and Fryer.

A Jeſuite preaching at the great Church in *Padua*, towards the end of his Sermon, he fell into a large commendation of the Order of the Jeſuites, extolling it above all the Religious Orders that then were, or ever had been in the world, giving God thanks, that he had the happineſs to bee of that Order; and in the cloſe of his Diſcourſe, he told his Auditory that he would acquaint them with a Viſion which he had lately ſeen: The other night (ſaid he) I dreamed that I was in Hell, where methought I ſaw Popes, Emperours, Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Biſhops, Abbots, Monks, Fryers, and ſome of all ſorts of men both Eccleſiaſtical and Secular, but not one Jeſuite amongſt them all; which made me to bleſs God that ever I was born to be of ſo bleſſed a Society; which though it had ſent ſo many thouſands of that holy Order to the Grave, yet never any of them went

to Hell; and so he concluded his Sermon with a fresh Encomium of the Society of Jesuites. The next Sunday after, a Dominican Fryer preached in the same Church, and he also, towards the end of his Sermon fell upon the high praises of the Order of the Jesuits; repeating much of the Jesuits Sermon the day before, and bewailing himself that it was not his fortune to be of that holy Order, whereof none ever went to Hell, as the Reverend Father had told them the day before; at last he told the people, that he also had seen a Vision, and dreamed likewise one night that he was in Hell, where he saw Popes, Emperours, Kings, Cardinals, and all sorts of Orders, as the Jesuit had notably shewed them the day before; but not a Jesuite (said the Fryer) could be seen amongst them all: Then thought I to my self, O what a blessed Order is this, that there should not be a Jesuit there! and still I cast my eyes all over Hell, wishing my self had been a Jesuit, and not a Dominican, to see not one piece of that Order there: At last me thought I beckoned a little Devil to me, and askt softly in his ear, whether there were any Jesuits in that palce or no? He answered, That there were none there, but that they were kept

in

in Hell by themſelves; which is a great room under this, where (ſaid the little Devil) there be abundance of them; and they come hither ſo faſt, that my Maſter *Lucifer* ſcarce knows where to beſtow them; and beſides, they are ſo unruly, that if they were not kept by themſelves, every body would be ſoon weary of this place: adding withall, that his Maſter durſt not let them have any Gun-powder, for fear they ſhould blow up Hell it ſelf.

Three Wiſhes produced but a Ladle.

A Poor Country-man had ſo ſpent his time in true and honeſt pains, contented and not murmuring, that Fortune ſeemed to ſmile upon him, as oft as he came to worſhip at her Temple, whither he oft reſorted; the gracious looks of the Goddeſs encouraged him to aſk ſomething more than before he uſed; and yet conſidering with himſelf, that too bold a Votary might be repulſed, he modeſtly bounded his requeſt with his ſuit, that her goodneſs would conſer three wiſhes upon him, which from the Oracle was anſwered, *Rateſted, wiſh, and be happy.* The joyful man acquainted his Wife ſtraight, who having been the conſtant companion of his Labours, was

was to meet ſhare in his good fortunes; and deſired of her Husband that one of thoſe wiſhes might be left to her diſpoſal. The good old man willing to gratifie her, granted her requeſt: ſo to the Fair they came, whither they were bound, and the woman caſting her eyes round about, to ſee what ſhe ſhould make the choice of her wiſh, at laſt (remembring what ſhe wanted at home) ſpyed a handſome wooden Ladle, which ſhe forthwith wiſhed for, and as ſoon the thing was in her hand; which her Husband ſeeing, and impatient at the miſcarriage of the firſt wiſh, wroth with his Wife for her ſimplicity, wiſhed the Ladle in her breech, which out of hand was inſtantly there. But the poor woman (like a Fly with a ſtraw in the ſame place) was ſo tormented, beſides the ſhame, that ſhe deſired her Husband, that as he ever hop'd to partake of the delights of the oppoſite place, he would remove this impediment: to which the Uxorious man condeſcended, and in charity to his wife, wiſhed it out again: So all the three wiſhes went in and out with a Ladle.

A providential Father.

THere was a Gentleman who was very diſcreet, and ſearching into the Natures and Diſpoſitions of his Family, and finding amongſt his Daughters that one, and one of the leaſt and youngeſt, was ripeſt, and more requiring then the reſt; very providentially provided her a Husband. The Virgin over-joy'd that her good hour was come, could not contain and be content that the Servants ſhould invite the Gueſts, but her ſelf would needs ſpeak to ſome of eſpecial familiarity with her, unwilling any ſhould foreſtall the news to thoſe, whom ſhe wiſh'd in the ſame happy condition with her ſelf; which when ſhe had done to her play-fellows, (for ſhe was not well-wean'd from that ſociety) they wonder'd, and ſaid, (good Lady!) Mrs. *Dorothy*, how comes it to paſs that you are ſo forward, and leap over your Siſters heads? we ſhould never have believ'd it, but from your own ſweet lips. Truely (ſaid ſhe, ſimpering, and with her Handkerchief at her mouth) it were preſumptuouſly done, but that my Father, who knows me of an Egg, gave very good reaſon for it, for he ſaid, (I know not what he meant by it) *That ſome Eggs would hatch*

in

in an Oven, and that in hot weather things won't keep without salt.

The Vintners Boy.

TWo Gentlemen being drinking in a Tavern, chanced so to fall out, that from words they proceeded to blows; whereupon soon after ensued a suit of Law: The main witness to prove what was done, was the Vintners Boy, who being *sub-pœna'd* and sworn at the day of tryal, began to tell his tale in this sort: *My Lord* (said he) *I live at the sign of the St.* Pauls *head, my name is* John, *and by reason I draw to Gentlemen of the best Wine, they have given me the appellation of* honest, *so that I am now commonly called* Honest John. My Lord seeing him so impertinent in his preface, called to him and bid him speak to the matter, for that was quite besides it. I'll warrant you (said *John*) you shall find it to the purpose presently, and thereupon proceeded: *My Lord these two Gentlemen came in there to drink, the one of them his name is Mr.* B. *the other Mr.* F. *it was about three of the Clock in the afternoon, and we had new'ly risen from dinner; we had to dinner that day a piece of boild powder'd Beef, and butter'd Turneps, and part of a roasted Brest of Mutton cold; I could not eat*

very

very much of it, by reaſon I had gotten a cold with ſitting up late two or three nights before. My Lord hearing him flie out thus again in his impertinences, bid him ſpeak more home to the matter, or elſe hold his tongue for a Doe. My Lord (ſaid *John*) I was ſworn to ſpeak the truth, and all the truth, and I am reſolved to do it; and ſo went on: *Theſe two Gentlemen asked for a room, and I ſhewed them up into the green Chamber, it was two ſtories high, upon the left hand as ſoon as you are up two pair of Stairs. Honeſt John* (ſaid my Lord) if thou art ſo called, trouble us not with theſe impertinences, but come to the matter. I am about it quoth *John*, and ſo proceeds; *As ſoon as they were in the room, they ſaid unto me, Now* honeſt John *bring us up a pint of the beſt Canary, which I did; it was of the furthermoſt Pipe but one in all our Cellar, and we had no better Wine in all the houſe, it coſt my Maſter four and twenty pound the Pipe: as I was going up the ſtairs, my Maſter cal'ed to me, and asked me whether I was carrying up that pint of Wine, and I told him to the two Gentlemen.* *John* (ſaid my Lord) that is not the queſtion I asked you, but what paſſed betwixt theſe two Gentlemen? I ſhall tell you, quoth *John*, preſently: *When I had carried them up the wine, and that they had*

taſted

taſted of it, they told me that I was as good as my word, and that it was of the beſt Canary. But, ſaid my Lord, what is this to the purpoſe? *Yes* (ſaid *John*) *it is to the purpoſe, and if your Lordſhip pleaſes to come thither at any time, I ſhall draw ye of the ſame wine, and then you will ſay that* honeſt Johns *words were true indeed.* My Lord ſeeing no good to be done with *John*, bid them ſet him aſide, which *John* took in very great dudgeon, profeſſing he had ſpoken nothing but the truth, neither durſt he ſpeak any thing but what was true, his Maſter bidding him before he came to have a ſpecial care of what he ſaid. After ſome other Witneſſes being examined, the Councel on the Plantiffs ſide began to ſpeak in the name of his Client (as the uſual cuſtom is) ſaying, *My Lord we came into this Tavern with a peaceable intention, onely to drink a pint of wine with that Gentleman, where we were by him abuſed, beaten and miſuſed, and put in danger of our life.* *John* hearing him to ſay ſo, could forbear no longer, but ſtepping up, ſaid, *My Lord, that fellow with the Coife there tells a moſt damnable lye, for he ſays he was beaten and miſuſed in our houſe, when (I can juſtifie) that he never was in our houſe in all his life.*

Plain Dunstable.

A Rich Farmer dying inteſtate, his ſon came up to *London* to take out Letters of Adminiſtration of his Eſtate, but being unacquainted with the cuſtoms belonging to the Spiritual Courts, he went firſt to a friend of his, telling him, *That his Father dyed deteſted, leaving only him and two young Infidels, and therefore he was deviſed to come up to* London *to a Concealer of the Law, that he might thereby deminiſh the Eſtate.*

Good to ſave ſomething for laſt.

ONe who was much conceited of his wit, had made ſeveral Encomions on his Miſtreſs, beginning firſt with her head, and ſo proceeded upon each member, until ſuch time as he came to her feet, miſſing no part ſave onely her neck; the reaſon whereof being demanded, O, ſaid one, there is great reaſon for that, *He reſerves the neck-verſe for himſelf, knowing he ſhall have occaſion for it hereafter.*

TWo men walking through a Church-yard, one of them affirmed that the Grave was Hell; the other who had a ſhrewd curſt wife lately buried there, point-

ing

ing to her Grave, ſaid, *Then one of the greateſt Devils in Hell lyes there.*

Too true, the more's the pity.

ONe that was a common ſwearer being ſub-pœna'd upon a tryal at *Law*, where a Book was tender'd him whereon to take his Oath, he told them they might ſave that labour, *For there was no oath but he could ſwear it without Book.*

Nothing ask'd, nothing given.

ONe asked a certain boon of a Gentleman, for which his main reaſon to inforce it, was this; Alas, Sir, you may very well grant it me, for this is *nothing*. To whom the Gentleman replyed; Sir, I ſhall grant you your requeſt, *for* (according to your own words) *'tis nothing that you ask me, and ſo nothing I grant you.*

Children and Fools tell truth.

ONe was chiding his Prentice for being ſo great a gurmundizer, telling him that his Miſtreſs did not eat the fourth part ſo much as he, and yet ſhe was plump and fair; to whom the Prentice ſaid, I onely eat at ſet meals, but my Miſtreſs hath *Culliſes* before dinner, and ſweet-meats after dinner,

dinner, *and puts more into his belly than ever you see or heard of.*

A double mistake.

A Gentleman lodging in a strange Inn, having store of money in his pockets, put his Breeches under his Bolster, when he went to Bed to secure them: but the next morning (having gotten a pretty Dose over night) he had quite forgotten where he had bestowed them; and having fruitlesly searched a pretty while, despairing of finding them, he called for the Chamberlain, asking him if he knew what was become of them? Sir, (said the Chamberlain) are you sure that you brought any in with you? Why, quoth the Gentlemen, do you think that I came without Breeches? Sir, said he, if you are sure that you brought them with you, *you had best search your pockets, and I question not but you will find them there.*

Some seeking to praise, dispraise.

A Gentleman having invited (about the Lent-time) some Friends to his house, his Lady provided such chear as was seasonable, the Collops and Eggs, and as it fell out (a Hog being slain) she had a ser-

vice of the puddings, which being deservedly commended by the Guests; Nay, said the Gentleman, friends be it known to you, *my wife is abomination good pudding-wife.*

A Taylors Hell.

A Certain Taylor, who had in his lifetime damned many a peece of Stuff to Hell; at last chanced to fall extreamly sick, and being in a trance, he thought he saw all the Fiends of Hell mustered in his Chamber, where they displayed a Banner of sundry colour'd Silks which he had stolen, wishing that he might finde them all in Hell. This Vision so affrighted him, that upon his recovery he reformed his life, carried home what was remaining of any Garment, and laid a special charge upon his Journey-man, that if any stuff brought in fell out too large, if he saw his fingers inclined to filch; that he would put him in minde of the Vision. Not long after, a Captain of a Ship brought to him some Velvet to make him thereof a pair of Breeches, which being too much, he snipt away three quarters of a yard of it under his Shop-board: His Journey-man seeing this, called to him and said, Remember Master the Vision: Peace (knave (said he) peace, there

was not one such colour as this in all the whole Flag.

Anger without cause.

A Gentleman sent to an Arras-maker, bidding him to work him on a piece of Cloath the figure of a Castle with a Dog in it, sitting upon his tail and barking, and at the Castle-gate a man standing in armour; all which the workman promised to do, and not long after brought it unto him. But when the Gentleman saw it, he began to fume, asking the workman where was the dog that he bid him to make? O Sir, said the work-man, I suppose those that are in the Castle are now gone to dinner, *and the Dog may be in some corner gnawing of a bone.*

A witty truth.

A Wealthy Citizen had a riotous spendthrift to his son, whereupon he vowed that when he died, he would give all his Estate to the poor. In a little while's time his son, what with Dice, and what with Drabs, had spent all the maintainance that he had; whereupon he told his Father that he might now give all his Estate to him, and yet keep his vow, *for he could not get it to one poorer then himself.*

A witty thievish answer.

A Fellow that was weary of going on foot, spying a lusty Gelding in a Pasture, was resolved to ride, but having no bridle (and a halter being ominous) he was enforced to imbrace the Mare about his neck, and with all speed made to the road. But the Owner being in some grounds not far off, and espying the cheat, made after him undiscovered, and being very well horsed over-took this crank Rider; and requiring of him the reason of his speed, the other said, Sir, are you in a good hour the Master of this wilde Jade? In a good hour I am, replied the Gentleman, for half an hour later I believe had altered the case. In troth, Sir, (said the Thief) it is the joy of my heart that you have thus happily over-taken me, for this head-strong Jade might very well have ran away with me: Or else, said the Gentleman, you have run away with him, for therein was most danger; but howsoever I will ease you of that trouble, and so dismounting him, forced him to walk on foot to the next Village, where at the Whipping-post he had the price of his postage scored up upon his back.

Many

More afraid than hurt.

A Gentleman in a Duel having received a small scratch, being unaccustomed to wounds, sent for a Chyrurgion in all haste to dress him; who having opened it, bid his man with all speed possible fetch such a salve from such a place in his Study. Why, quoth the Gentleman, is the hurt so dangerous? *Oyes* (answered the Chyrurgion) *if he returns not the speedier, the wound will heal it self, and so I shall loose my Fee.*

A mistake.

A Mechanick in the late times of libertism, when every one took a freedom to himself to preach and prate what he would; this fellow usurping the pulpit, would needs be in his comparisons, how that the wicked kept company and flocked together, even like, saith he, as you see the Crows how they fly in the Air by themselves, and the Rooks fly in the Air by themselves; the White Herrings they swim in the Sea by themselves, *and the Red Herrings they swim in the Sea by themselves.*

Another.

A Young Maid being come out of the Countrey to live in *London*, upon a diſcourſe concerning Lent, and what Countries were beſt provided for Fiſh; ſhe very ſoberly atteſted, that where ſhe was born (being near the Sea-ſide) *the Fiſher-men there with their Nets did catch ſo many Red-Herrings, as ſerved all their County, not onely for Lent, but for Wedneſdays and Frydays all the year long.*

Wit without Book.

ONe having read a very pithy, learned and witty Dedication before a flat, dull, fooliſh Book, he very much admired, and ſaid, how they ſhould come to be ſo match'd together: *In truth*, ſaid another, *they may very well be match'd together, for I preſume they are nothing of kin.*

Of Witches.

A Company being in a place together diſcourſing of Witches, one of them affirming that there were no Witches; a woman then preſent with more earneſtneſs (I ſuppoſe) then truth, contradicted him ſaying, That *there were Witches, ſhe knew by experience.*

Of the Wall.

ONe walking in *London* streets, met a Gallant, who cried to him a pretty distance before hand, *I will have the wall.* *Yea,* (answered he) *and take the house too, if you can but agree with the Landlord.*

An alone Jest.

ANother passing along *London* streets, saw written upon a paper that was fixed on a Door: *This House and Shop is to be let*: which he having read, asked a Shopkeeper at the next Door, *If that Shop were not to be let alone?* *Yes,* (said he) *you may let it alone if you please.*

The Spaniards wooden God.

A Countrey man in *Spain* coming to an Image enshrined, the extraction and first making whereof he could well remember; and not finding from the same that respectful usage which he expected; *You need not be so proud* (said he) *for I have known you from a Plumb-tree.*

A Friend at need.

SOme Guests being at Dinner at a Gentlemans Table; amongst other Discourse,

courſe, the Miſtris of the Houſe asked a Gentleman, how many Children he had. Madam, ſaid he, my wife hath eight. Now fie, ſaid ſhe, theſe men are always putting of cauſeleſs ſuſpitions upon women; why could you not as well have ſaid that you had eight? Tuſh, quoth her husband, why do you blame the Gentleman? he hath ſpoken very diſcreetly, *for it might redound to his ſhame to name all his own Children, and therefore he only tells you how many his Wife hath.*

Who are Debters.

ONe notwithſtanding that he owed much, was boaſting that he was out of Debt; to whom another ſaid, That may very well be, *for thoſe only are in debt who mean to pay it.*

A wiſe queſtion of a Mahumetan.

A *Perſian* in *England*, attending on the Ambaſſador, *anno* 1625; who perceiving wealthy people in *London*, in the time of the Plague tumultuouſly poſting to their Countrey Houſes: *What* (ſaith he) *have the Engliſh-men two Gods, the one for the City, and the other for the Country?*

A hungry Banquet.

ONe invited some freinds in a complementing way home to dinner with him, which contrary to his expectation was accepted of; in their way as they went, he told them though they found short of meat at his house, yet they should have good sauce, which he made good in the performance; for when they came to his house, there was not any Victuals, and hunger (you know) is of all other the best sauce.

Health before Wealth.

A Rich man told a poor man that he walked to get a stomack for his meat: *And I* (said the poor man) *walk to get meat for my stomack.*

The building of Cripple-gate.

TWo men walking by Cripple-gate, one of them asked the other from whence the name of that gate was derived, to which he answer'd, That there was a Cripple of famous memory, who stole the golden Weather-cock from *Pauls* Steeple, before it was a Tower, which was, said he, the highest peice of desperate valour that ever was performed, but that his Piety was as noto-

rious as his Sacriledge, for with the same Weather-cock he built this Gate, which ever since retains his name.

The Fryers Doctrine.

A Fryer being to preach, took for his Text this Theme, *Erat quidam homo*, which is in English, *There was a certain man*: Out of which words, says he, you must note that the Text says there was, it doth not say there is: for now adays men are uncertain, both in promise, oath, word and deed; yet however you finde by my Text that a certain man there was, but if you search all the Bible over, you cannot finde this Text, *That there was a certain woman.*

Earl Gowry.

WHen *Gowry* (who attempted to kill King *James*) was had to the Tower, a friend of his told him, Ah, my Lord, I am sorry you had no more Wit. *Tush*, (quoth he) *thou knowest not what thou sayest, when sawest thou a fool come hither?*

A shirking shift.

A Nimble Taylor coming to an Inne something late at night, was by reason of his handsome outside lodged in a bet-

ter

ter room and bed than he deserved; for the Candle being left with him, he very succinctly made him a good Shirt of one of the *Holland* Sheets, dispatching the remaining shreds in the fire. In the morning he found very much fault with his lodging, for that he had but one Sheet; the Wench swore she thought she brought two: and none ever imagining the conversion of the Linnen, he came cleanly off, though he came lowzily on, being better able to shift ever after.

A Parson out-witted by a Woman.

A Woman whose Neigbour was dead, was sent by the deceased's wife to a Parson, to speak to him to preach a Funeral Sermon; she that would dispatch her business throughly, having a promise of him to do it, would likewise be so inquisitive as to know the price of it: The Parson told her twenty shillings was the lowest. Why, said she, *an Ass once spake for an Angel, and will not you speak under a Piece?* The parson feeling himself a little gall'd, told her she was better fed then taught. True, said she, *for my husband feeds me, and you teach me.*

The

The Country-man and Maſtive Dog.

A Poor man having a Pike-ſtaff on his ſhoulder, and travailing thorough a Country Village, a great Maſtive Cur ran mainly at him, ſo that hardly he could defend him from himſelf. At the length it was his chance to kill the Dog: For which the owner immediately apprehending him, and bringing him before a Juſtice, alleadged that he had ſlain his Servant, which defended his life, houſe and goods, and therefore challenged ſatisfaction. The Juſtice leaning more in favour to the Plaintiff, as being his Friend, Neighbour and familiar, than to the juſtice of the cauſe, reproved the poor fellow very ſharply, and peremptorily commanded him to make ſatisfaction, or elſe he would commit him to priſon. That were injuſtice, replyed the poor man, becauſe I killed him in defence of my own life, which deſerveth much better reſpect than a Million of ſuch Curs. Sirrah, ſirrah, ſaid the Juſtice, then you ſhould have turned the other end of your Staff, and not the Pike; ſo the Dogs life had been ſaved, and your own in no danger. *True, Sir* (quoth the fellow) *if the Dog would have turn'd his tail and hit me with*

with that, and not his teeth, then we both had parted quietly.

Much adoe about nothing.

A Brace of Students who were kept short of the Colledge-fines (for that was meat for their betters) while their Seniors were sharing that money, walkt in their Grove, (taking the fresh Air without any contradiction of Superiours:) At last one makes a supposition, if thou or I now should happily finde a purse of Gold, how should we divide it? They were you must conceive of different degrees, one Master, the other Batchelor of Arts. The Master of Arts like the Lion, asked the greatest part; the other said no, *Simul occupantes, æque dividentes*: Equal purchase, equal share. The Master would not forgo his priviledge of Seniority; the Junior insisted upon his Title of half: at last it grew so hot, that they fell to cuffs, and bang'd one another very soundly, until weary of their blows, they began to examine each other of the ground of their falling out, which was no other than about the divident of a purse of gold, which was never yet found.

Truth

Truth mistaken.

A Lady sent her servant to the Playhouse, to inquire what Play was acted that day; the Players told him, *'Tis pity she is a Whore.* The fellow misunderstanding them, that they spake this of his Lady, and not the name of the Play, when he returned, refused to tell his Lady, but said, *They were a company of Rogues to abuse his Lady, who was as honest as any of their Mothers.*

A shrewd mistake.

ANother seeing in a Play-Bill upon a post, *A great man gul'd*, and underneath, *By his Majesties Servants*, read it thus, *A great many gul'd by his Majesties Servants*; adding to it these words: *By my soul as true a thing as ever was writ.*

A witty retort.

MR. *Burbage* the Player riding a Gallop up the Strand, one called to him out of a Tavern-window, asking him what play was to be acted that day, he being angry to be stopped upon such a frivolous business, told him he might see that upon every post. *O cry you mercy* (said the other) *indeed I took you for a Post, you rid so fast.*

Mr.

Mr. Beaumont *and Mr.* Fletcher.

MR. *Beaumont* and Mr. *Fletcher* those *Gemini* of Wit and Learning, being about to make the play called, *The Maids Tragedy*: whiles it was yet in the *Embryo*, they being walking in the fields conceiving their design, of which one part was concerning murdering a King, one saying he would have him stab'd, the other poysoned; A Countrey fellow who undiscerned heard their discourse, concluding it no less than high Treason that they were about, followed them to the next Town, and observing the Tavern whither they went to drink, hyed him to the Constable, who taking a strong Guard along with him, apprehended the two Gentlemen; but being had before a Justice of the Peace, they making the truth of the matter appear, were soon dismist; when returning to the Tavern, they had great store of mirth to see their Tragedy to have such a Comical beginning.

THe same Play being to be acted in the time of the Rump-Parliament, in that part thereof where a Lady was to be sworn to secresie concerning the murther of the King

King aforesaid; some being of Opinion to binde her to it one way, and some another: A Gentleman Spectator hearing the Controversie, bid them *to give her the Covenant, and he would warrant them that would do it.*

Valorous Love.

A Butcher being once at a Play, called, *The Greeks and Trojans*, seeing *Hector* over-powered by *Myrmidons*, got upon the Stage, and with his Battoon took the *Trojans* part so stoutly, that he soon routed the *Greeks*, and rayled upon them loudly for a company of cowardly slaves to assault one man with so much odds. He stroke moreover such an especial acquaintance with *Hector*, that for a long time *Hector* could not obtain leave of him to be kill'd that the Play might go on; and the cudgelled *Myrmidons* durst not enter again, till *Hector* having prevailed upon his unexpected second, returned him over the Stage again into the yard from whence he came.

Of Mr. Johnson.

Ben. Johnson the famous Comedian having been drinking at the Devil-Tavern; as he came down stairs his foot slipt, so that he fell down three or four steps

at

at once, and in his fall beating against a door, made it to fly open, in which were a company of Gentlemen a drinking: Having recovered himself, and gotten again upon his feet, he said unto them, *Since it was my chance Gentlemen to fall into your company, I intend for to drink with you before that I go.*

Another.

AT another time *Ben. Johnson* being in place with a company of Gentlemen, who were busied in riming; one of them concluding his Speech with *Nebuchadonezer*, another said it was impossible for any one to make a rime to that: Yes, said *Ben.* that may be done thus: *A mischief light on you Sir.*

A Poetical Jest.

MR. *Randolph* (whom all must acknowledge for one of the prime Wits of his age) having been drinking hard late one night, the next morning went to an Alehouse to quench that thirst which commonly burns in a man after immoderate drinking: There was in the same room with him two Mizers, who had adventured upon the costly charge of a penny apiece for their mornings draught. Now Mr. *Randolph* by reason of his drought sitting very dry,

one of these Mizers perceiving it white, imagining it to be a piece of Silver, stooped to take it up; which Mr. *Randolph* seeing, said unto him, *I pray, Sir, do not rob the Spittle.*

A good Jest d' you see.

A Certain Vintner was extreamly troubled with the word *d' you see*, so that upon all occasions he world be sure to use it: upon a time being put to it to say Grace, he began, The eyes of all things, *d' you see?* do look unto thee, *d' you see?* and thou provideſt their meat, *d' you see?* in due season, *d' you see?* and so on d' you see, till he came to *Amen* d' you see. But before he had done, no man could see for laughing, which so vexed him, that he swore he would not say Grace *d' you see?* so long as he lived for this, *d' you see?* that a man should be laugh'd at for his good will, *d' you see?*

Another of that kinde.

MUch of the same nature was that of a Judge, whose customary word to any material thing was, *in that kinde.* He being once to give a charge at the Assizes, began thus; Gentlemen of the Jury, you ought to inquire after Recusants *in that kinde*, and such as do not frequent the Church *in that kinde*

kinde; but above all, such as haunt Alehouses *in that kinde*; notorious Whoremasters *in that kinde*, Drunkards and Blasphemers *in that kinde*, and all notorious Offenders *in that kinde*, are to be presented *in that kinde*, and as the Law direct *in that kinde*, must be proceeded against *in that kind*; which set all the people in such a laughter of *that kinde*, that being charged by the Cryer to silence, they could not, till they had ended laughing and crying together: And a Gentleman after the Court arose, being asked how he liked the Judges charge said, It was the best *in that kinde*, that ever he heard.

Queen Mary *and* Heywood.

QUeen *Mary* lying upon her death-bed, Mr. *Heywood* the Poet came to see her, to whom she said; *Ah* Heywood, *here they intend to kill me, for my Physitians will force me to sweat, which is so great a pain to me, that I will rather dye than to endure it.* Madam (said he) *be contented, you must sweat, or else I swear we shall all sweat for it.*

French arms and French harms.

A Stranger coming up to *London*, chanced to happen into a house of iniquity,

which had the *Flower-de-luce* to its Sign; where he got a Clap with a French Coulstaff; whereupon at his going forth, he wrote this Verse over the Door:

All you who hither chance to come,
Mark well ere you go in;
For French-mens arms are Signs without,
And French-mens harms within.

A gall'd Horse will wince.

ONe called a man *Ass* before his wifes face, whereat she was nothing displeased; soon after he called him *Ox*, at which she began to curse and to swear: *Ah Mistress* (said he) *now I see you begin to wince, when I touch your husband in the gal'd place.*

A new way to get Money.

NO longer ago than in the year 1666, a certain Quaker, upon a certain day, came a wooing to a certain Widow, living in a certain place not far from *Aldgate*: In the conclusion of his wooing discourse, he told her he had forgotten to bring his Purse with him; and being to buy some wares before his return, *Canst thou not* (said he) *lend me an Angel of the worldly Mammon till I see thee again?* Yea, (said she) I will lend thee

an

an Angel; but this ſpirit of *light* could never ſee the way to the Houſe any more afterwards, for neither he nor the Angel ever appeared to her again.

All covet, all looſe.

A Poor Clyent went to a rich Lawyer to have his Counſel in a certain Cauſe, which after ſome long attendance he obtained; but going away without paying him, the Lawyer asked him for money: Sir ſaid the Clyent, I have no Coyn, but will it pleaſe you to take a Hare? The Lawyer who had rather play at ſmall Game than ſtand out, told him that he would: *Then* (quoth the fellow) *you muſt run apace, for this morning one run quite away from me.*

A Cromwel *and the Scotch Parſon.*

When *Cromwel* was with his Army in *Scotland*, one *Andrew Cant* a Scotch Parſon was to preach before him; who in his Prayer uſed theſe expreſſions, Leard, we beſeech thee look down here upon our General before us, and as thou haſt put a ſweard into his hands, ſue, we beſeech thee, *put it into his heart, for the good of the three Nations.*

No Plague greater than a curst wife.

IN a great Plague-time, a Constable passing by one of his Neighbours houses heard his wife soundly basting him; wherefore that night he set up a Red-cross upon the door. The man next morning seeing it, was highly offended, and complained thereof to the Alderman of the Ward, who whereupon was sent for to answer wherefore he did it. To which the Constable said, Yesterday passing by his house, I heard his wife soundly belam him, *and I think there can be no greater Plague in a house than that.*

A Bull.

A Citizen riding from *London* to *Cambridge*, upon his return, some of his friends asked him what he saw worthy of notice in his Journey: Truely, said he, I saw little memorable, but only at a place called *Stahlford*, where was a *Church* tyled *with thatch*.

The Gallant and Gentlewoman.

A Young Gallant having some discourse with a Gentlewoman, of which she doubted the truth of it; he to confirm it, said, Upon my soul, Madam, it is true. To which

which she replyed, *Pray stake down some other pawn for that is forfeited long ago.*

The Sick-man.

A Man lying desperately sick, was advised by his Physitians to prepare himself for Heaven, for he was not like to continue long in this world: I (saith he) God pardon me as I forgive all men that have injur'd me; and for such a one who hath much wronged me, I pardon him with all my soul; *but if it please God that I recover this sickness, I will be revenged on him, if it be possible.*

Hanging ends all trouble.

A Plain Countrey-man riding up to the Term, met by the way a prisoner who was going to the Gallows to be hanged; to whom he said aloud, *Thrice happy man thee, that hast nothing at all to do at the Term.*

The Countrey-man and his Ass.

A Countrey-man driving his Ass before the Court-gate, beat and misused the Poor Beast; which a Gentleman or two seeing, bid him be more milde, and favour the dumb Creature: with that the Clown

ſtraightways doft his cap, and made a low courteſie to the Aſs, ſaying, *I beſeech you, good Maſter Aſs, pardon my boldneſs all this while, for I never thought that you had friends in the Court before now.*

A Bull.

TWo Neighbours walking in Smithfield on a Market-day, one of them eſpyed a goodly Stear: Look yonder (ſaid he to his fellow) *did you ever ſee a braver Cow in your life, than is that ſame Bull?*

The Countrey-man and his wife.

A Countrey-man having been at *London*, ſaw there many brave women and other fine Laſſes, far ſurpaſſing his homely Jone at home; wherefore upon his return, when his wife gave him a meſs of hot broath to Supper, he bid her take it away, for he had ſeen ſuch fine Laſſes at *London*, as had quite taken away his ſtomack: His Wife asking him if he did not alſo ſee fine Men there, he replyed, Yes: Why husband (ſaid ſhe) thoſe fine women were made for thoſe fine men. Nay then wife (ſaid he) *reach me my porridge again.*

The

The Maidens miſchance.

A Countrey-maid riding to the Market in *Leaden-hall-ſtreet*, in the Market-place her Mare ſtumbled, and down ſhe fell over and over, ſhewing all that ever God ſent her; whereupon being much abaſht, at riſing up again, ſhe turn'd her round about unto the people, and ſaid, Uds foot (Sirs) *did you ever ſee the like before?*

A Painter.

ONe deſired a Painter to paint him the Picture of a fair Whore: Sir (ſaid he) you may ſpare that coſt, *for if ſhe be a right Whore, ſhe will paint her ſelf.*

The Scold.

A Countrey-man who had a Scold to his wife when ſhe dyed, he would needs have theſe two Lines written upon her Grave for her Epitaph:

Here in the ground lyes buried a wife,
Who was a plague to her husband all the days of her life.

No life to Leachery.

CErtain merry Blades ſeeing a fair Gentlewoman ſtanding at her window, one of them ſaid, I could willingly pawn my Cloak for a nights lodging with yonder Gentlewoman: A beggar ſtanding by, and over-hearing him, ſaid, *I, and thither ſhould my Crutches go too.*

Saving in this caſe the greateſt gains.

ONe being in danger of drowning, another that ſtood on the ſhore ſaid to him, if you gain but to yonder tree, you are ſafe enough. Tell not me (ſaid he) of getting or gaining, *for I care now but onely to ſave my ſelf.*

A Bull.

ONe commended a Greyhound of his for an excellent running Dog: Sir, ſaid another, I have a black Bitch at home, I am confident is a better running dog than he.

The young man and his father.

A Young man receiving an hurt on his face which much diſfigured him, his father ſaid, it would not have grieved him half ſo much if it had been in his arm, leg, or any place but there. To whom the

the ſon replyed, Oh father, *receivers muſt be no chuſers.*

The Cuckolds Cap.

A Country-woman whoſe Hen had newly hatched, was perſwaded that the Chickens would thrive the better if they were kept in a Cuckolds Cap; whereupon ſhe went to moſt of her Neighbours to borrow one; but they denying they had any, ſhe in a chaſe ſaid, Well, *before I will be thus troubled to borrow, I will ere long have one of my own.*

The Country-man and Fryer.

A Fryer being belated in his Journey as he trav'l'd the Country, deſired lodging of a poor man, who very charitable to ſuch people lodged him in his own bed; the Fryer being weary fell faſt aſleep, and the man and his wife having no other lodging went to bed to him: The next morning the man aroſe betimes, and went to work, leaving the Fryer abed with his Wife: Being at his work he fell into a great laughter, and being by one of his fellows demanded the reaſon thereof, I laugh, ſaid he, to think *how ſhame-faced the Fryer will be whom I left abed with my wife.*

The

The Fryer and the Pope.

A Preaching Fryer came once to see Pope *Sixtus* the fourth, who shewed him all his Treasure and Jewels, and withall saying, I cannot say as my Predecessor St. *Peter* did, *Gold and Silver have I none.* Truly, answer'd the Fryer, neither can you say as he did to the sick, lame, and imporent people, *Arise, take up your Couch and walk.*

The Arch-bishop and Countrey-man.

AN Arch-bishop of *Cullen* riding with a great train after him, by a place where a Countrey-man was ditching; the Swain burst out into an exceeding great laughter; which the Bishop perceiving, commanded him straight before him, and asked him, Why he laughed so? *Marry* I laugh (said the Peasant) to think that St. *Peter*, who was the Prince of the Apostles, should live and dy so poor; and that those who pretend to be his Successors should ride in so great Pomp and State. The Arch-bishop seeing himself thus nearly touche, said, *My* friend, I ride not with this great train as I am an Arch-bishop or Priest, but as I am a Duke and Prince of the Empire. The Swain hearing him say so, burst out into a

greater

greater laughter than before; and being again demanded the reaſon thereof, I laugh (ſaid he) to think that *if this Duke you name your ſelf to be, were in Hell, where do you imagine the Arch-biſhop would be?*

The Noble-mans Arms.

THere was a Noble-man which gave the Half-*Moon* to his Creſt, and had it fairly engraven upon a Wall: One of his Pages ſeeing it, wrote underneath with a Coal, *Be it never at full.* His *Maſter* having knowledge of what he had written, asked him the reaſon thereof; who anſwered, Marry, Sir, *becauſe the Moon being once at full, of force it muſt decreaſe.*

A Bull.

A Gentleman and his man riding along the way, the man chanced to ſpy a fellow aſtride upon a Cow, and ſaid to his *Maſter*, Look yonder, *Sir*, is one on horſe-back upon a Cow. That, ſaid the Gentleman, is a notorious Bull. Nay, *Sir* (ſaid his man) *it is a Cow, I know by her teats.*

Another.

ONe being invited to a Breakfaſt, there was ſet before him a Rib of Beef hard-

ly

ly roaſted: being afterwards asked by one what cheer he had; Why, ſaid he, we had an excellent Rib of roaſt Beef, but I could eat none of it, becauſe it was raw.

A merry old man.

ONe asking a merry Blade how old his wife was; he anſwered, her mark is not yet out.

A Bull.

TWo men being at Bowls, the one of them fell a ſwearing grievouſly. To whom the other ſaid, Wherefore do you ſwear thus? it is the great mercy of God *that the Bowling-green doth not fall upon our heads.*

The hungry Traveller.

TWo Travellers meeting together at an Inne, had a Capon ſerved them in for their dinner: The one of them being very ſharp ſet, to while the other off, asked him whether he had a father living or no? The other anſwered, No; and withal enter'd into a long diſcourſe, how, where, and when his father dyed. In the mean time the Queſtioniſt had eaten up all the beſt of the Capon; which the tale-teller at laſt perceiving,

ceiving, half angry said unto him, now I pray you tell me, have you a father living? He answered, No. Then tell me (quoth the other) how he dyed: He very earnest at his victuals, briefly answered, *Suddenly, Suddenly, very Suddenly.*

The Taylor and Weaver.

A Taylor and a Weaver being at a Farmors house together, had a hot Custard set before them: The Taylor being hungry, very nimbly took a spoonful thereof and put it in his mouth, which so much scalded it, that it made his eyes to run over with water: the other looking on him, asked him why he wept? he not being willing to be known that he had burnt his mouth, told him that he had but one Unkle in all the world, and he was hanged, and whensoever he thought of him it made him to weep. The Weaver thinking he had said true, put a spoonful in his mouth, and burnt it also, that his eyes likewise water'd: The Taylor perceiving it, spake to the Weaver, and said, Tell me wherefore do you cry? The Weaver perceiving how he was beguil'd, Marry, said he, *I weep because you were not hanged when your Unkle was.*

The skilful Physitian.

THere was a Physitian who pretended by his skil in casting of Urines to tell what distemper any man was troubled with; a woman whose husband had fallen down a pair of stairs, went with her husbands water to this cunning *Leach*, who having by discourse pumpt out as much as he could of the Woman, at last gueſt that he fell down eight stairs; but the woman making it appear that it was eleven, he asked her if there were all the water: she confessing there was some left, *O then* (said he) *there went the three stairs away.*

The Gardiner and his wife.

A Gardiner being to be hanged, his wife followed him to the Gallows to give him her last kiss; who spying her said, Out upon ye you idle quean, we are like to thrive well at the years end, when there cannot be a meeting in the Countrey but you must be at it; *home and weed housewife, home and weed, and do not stand loytering here.*

A Tinkers Character.

ONe said that a Tinker was no Coward but a man of mettle, and that a canting Rogue

Rogue was an enemy to Hoſtlers, becau e he was of the Infantry, and always went on foot.

Of early riſing.

A Father chid his Son for lying ſo long abed in the morning, telling him that ſuch a one with early riſing had found a bag of gold; to whom the ſon anſwer'd, *Too early roſe he* (father) *that loſt it.*

Of Roger Bale.

ONe *Roger Bale* a poor Carpenter, but a good Workman, was for his skill employed chief Maſter in the building of a Bridge, whereby he gained ſo much that he became a rich man. And in oſtentation upon one of the main Poſts thereof engraved theſe words, (Roger Bale *made this Bridge*) another came after, and wrote underneath with a coal (*This Bridge made* Roger Bale)

Of Wood *the great eater.*

WOod the great eater of *Kent* having over-cloy'd himſelf with feeding too much upon a wager, being invited to ſome more teeth-exploits the next day, he complained that he had loſt his ſtomack; Well, ſaid one that ſtood by, *if a poor man*

happen to finde the ſame, he is for certain utterly undone.

The Parſon and his man.

A Certain Parſon ſent his man one Sunday morning to one *Davids* a Butcher for ſome meat for his dinner: Mean while he went to Church to Preach, and having taken out his Text, was reciting many authorities out of Scripture for the proof of the ſame, And now (ſays he) what ſays *David* to this matter? Juſt as he ſaid this, in ſteps his man at the Church-door, and hearing him talk of *David*, ſaid aloud, *No more meat* (he ſwears) *unleſs you pay him the old ſcore.*

Of Muſitians.

A Gentleman being asked his opinion concerning *Muſitians*, ſaid, that ſix were a Conſort, five; *Muſitians*, four, Fidlers; and three; Rogues.

A cunning Laſs.

A Bridegroom the firſt night he was in bed with his Bride, ſaid unto her, When as at ſuch a time I ſollicited thy chaſtity, hadſt thou then condeſcended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only

onely to try thee. Faith (said she) I imagined as much, *but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be cozen'd so no more.*

The slender-witted gentleman.

IN *Spain* and those other Countreys where the Pope hath Dominion, the Bishops marry not. A Spanish Gentleman who had a slender-witted son, on a time he taught him how to entertain Guests with some discourse, as to ask them, how doth your Wife and your Children, your Brother and Sister, &c. The next day a Bishop came to this Gentlemans house, and the Wise-acre his son thus saluted him: *I pray you (my Lord) how doth your Wife and your Children your Sons and your Daughters, your Brother and your Sisters?* &c.

Easier to come down then go up.

A Certain Preacher who desired higher preferment, on a time after his Sermon was ended, coming down the Pulpit, a Gentleman proffer'd him his hand to help him down; Pardon me, Sir, (said he) *may it please you rather to help me up, for I can come down alone fast enough.*

The Fryer and Woman.

A Fryer being very busie in his Sermon, espyed a woman as busie in talk to one of her Gossips: whereupon he called to her and said, thou woman in the tawny Gown there, leave thy babling. The Woman angry to be reprehended thus openly, quickly answer'd, *I beshrew his heart that babbleth most of us two.*

The Dominican and Franciscan Fryers.

A Dominican and a Franciscan Fryer travelling together on the way, came to a Brook, where the Dominican requested the Franciscan, (because he was bare-foot) to carry him over upon his back, to which he willingly condescended, and being in the midst of the Channel, he said to the Dominican, Tell me Brother, have you any mony about ye? The Dominican thinking he looked for something for his pains, answer'd, Yes; then said the Franciscan, You know my Order allows me to carry no mony about me, and I am resolved not to break my Vow; and thereupon threw the Dominican off of his back into the water, who soundly drenched, all too late repented his over-much credulity, in trusting to the Franciscans carying him over.

The

The learned Conies.

SOme Scholars on a time going to steal Conies, by the way they warn'd a Novice amongst them to make no noise for spoiling their Game. But he no sooner espyed some, but he cried out aloud, *Ecce Cuniculli multi*; Whereupon the Conies ran with all speed into their berries; his fellows chiding him therefore, *Who the Devil* (said he) *would have thought that the Conies had understood Latine?*

A poor Scholars pittance.

A Thin slice of cheese being set before a Scholar, as soon as he saw it, he laid his finger on his mouth, and being asked why he did so, he answered, *Lest my breath should blow it away.*

Of Dr. Mathews.

ONe Dr. *Mathews* a very learned man, but of little stature; one seeing him pass along the Street, called him in jest, *Minimus Apostolorum*; which he over-hearing, merrily answer'd, yet is *Mathew Maximus Evangelistarum.*

The turning Doctor.

AN old Doctor which had been a Protestant in King *Edwards* days, a Papist in Queen *Maries* days, and a Protestant again in Queen *Elizabeths*, seeing a Lady dance a Galliard, commended her dancing very much, to which she answer'd, That *she knew she dane'd well enough, onely she could not turn so well as he.*

Physitians and Lawyers.

IT was once a great controversie in the University of *Leyden*, between the Physick and Law-doctors, which should have precedency, and go foremost at Commencements: The Chancellor being deputed to decide this Controversie, asked them whether at an Execution the Fellon or the Hang-man went foremost; and it being answered the Fellon; Then *ye Lawyers* (said he) *go ye foremost as Thieves, and ye Physitians follow after as Hang-men.*

A Musitian.

A Musitian who had a very good voice, was in consideration thereof proffer'd a good exhibition in a Cathedral Church; which he refused, and went to another place,

place: within a year after he came thither again, but with his voice much impaired, and now he offer'd his service upon those conditions which he formerly refused; but he had answer made him, That *where he wasted his steel, he might go and waste his Iron.*

A mistake.

A Citizen having been abroad in the Countrey, came home to his wife all bemired with durt; who asking him how he came in that sad pickle, Why, said he, *as I was riding along in a fair way, my Horse stumbled, and threw me over head and ears in durt.*

The Knight and Gentleman.

THere was a Knight who spent much, and owed much, who had a young Gentleman living by him, that was so good a fellow as he seldome eat at home; yet notwithstanding he retain'd a Steward in continual standing wages: The Knight upon a time merrily asked him what he meant to keep a Steward, having so little use to put him to: The Gentleman no less merrily answer'd, Your worship hath great reason, for in truth my Steward and your Treasurer may very well be whipt at the Carts-tail for Vagabonds.

The Yeoman and Gallant.

A Plain Yeoman riding upon a large lean horſe, a Gallant that met him thinking to put a Jeſt upon him, asked him what a yard of his horſe was worth: The Yeoman thereupon alighted, and lifting up his horſe-tail, ſaid, *Enter into the Shop, and they within will ſhew you.*

Jack Franck.

MY Lord *Maynard* kept a Fool whoſe name was *Jack Franck*, that went in a py'd Calve-skin ſuit; he being one day in the High-way, a Gallant came riding by all bedawbed with Silver-lace, who ſpying *Jack*, asked him whoſe Fool he was: ſaid *Jack*, I am my Lord *Maynards* Fool; and now I have told you whoſe Fool I am, *pray tell me whoſe Fool you are.*

A witty anſwer of a Jeſter.

ONe asked a Lords Jeſter what vertue he thought was in a Turkey-ſtone; to which he anſwer'd, *That if you ſhould chance to fall from the top of a houſe, you to break your neck, and the ſtone to have no hurt.*

A miſtake.

A Certain Noble-man being invited to dinner at a Knights houſe, amongſt other cheer there was a Chine of Beef, which did ſo pleaſe him, that he ſaid he would ſpeak to his Slaughter-man to cut all his meat out into Chines.

The Printers man.

A *London*-Printer ſent his Prentice for a meſs of Muſtard, who asking where he ſhould fetch it; he very ſurly anſwer'd him, In *France*; I will, Sir, ſaid the Prentice; and taking a Muſtard-pot in his hand, went forthwith down to Billingſgate, where finding a Ship bound for *France*, he embarked therein, and away he went; where he continued ſo long time before he returned as made up that day twelve-month, when comming to his Maſter, he deliverged the foreſaid pot full of Muſtard, ſaying, *Here Maſter is a meſs of French Muſtard for you.*

Of the ſame.

THe ſaid Prentice going up into the work-houſe, found there a Dutchman working at the Preſs; and ſnatching the Balls out of his hand, gave him a good cuff

cuff on the ear, and ſaid, *Why how now Butter-box, can a man no ſooner turn his back to fetch a meſs of muſtard, but you muſt ſtraight ſtep in his place?*

A Fiſhmonger a Member.

IN the late times, at ſuch time as their Forces had taken *Abberdeen* in *Scotland*, being betwixt ſleeping and waking, whilſt they were debating, whether they ſhould keep or ſlight the Town: He thinking they had been talking of keeping Haberdin, ſtept up and ſaid, For that I think there is never a one here knows better than my ſelf, you muſt put it into clean Rye ſtraw, *&c.*

A vindication.

HE being at another time one of a cloſe Committee, a friend of his told him he heard that he had ſpoken High-treaſon there; to which he anſwered, *He lies, for I never ſpake one word good or bad in all that time.*

Country-man and Faulkner.

A Plain Countrey-man and a Faulkner journeying together, the Countrey-man told him that his Hawk had dung'd; the Faulkner told him he ſhould have ſaid muted. Anon after the fellow ſtumbled, and

and fell into a Cow-ſhare; and the Faulkner asking him how he came ſo bewray'd, he anſwer'd, *He fell in a Cow-mute.*

A miſtake.

A Gentleman being in company was commending a Tobacco-box of his: one asked him whether it were a wooden one or no; No, ſaid he, it is made of Pear-tree.

Double meaning.

A Certain Weaver who had often broken the eighth Commandment, and from all his Cuſtomers would be ſure to ſteal ſomething more or leſs, which he hid in a privy place he had in his houſe that he called *Hell*: Now when any of his Cuſtomers uſed to charge him with ſuch theft, he would proteſt and ſwear, *If I have any more than my due, I pray God I may finde it in Hell.*

The Maid a Waſhing.

A Maid waſhing cloaths by the Rivers ſide, as ſhe ſtooped many times her Smock would cleave cloſe to her Buttocks; one that came by ſeeing it, ſaid, Have a care Maid, for Bayard biteth on the bridle: No (quoth ſhe) not ſo, *he doth but*

onely

only wipe his mouth, imagining you will come and kiſs him.

The Devil upon Dun.

ONe preſer'd a rich Mizer a Dun horſe to ſell him, who utterly refuſed him becauſe of the colour, ſaying, The people call me the Devil already, and if I ſhould ride upon him, they would ſay *there is the Devil upon Dun.*

The Juſtice and fellow.

A Juſtice of the peace called one that was brought before him, arrant knave; who replyed, *I am not ſo arrant a knave as your worſhip* (and there he made a pawſe, as feigning to ſpit, and then adjoyned) *takes me to be.*

A wiſe reply.

ONe told his Neighbour that he had a Pope in his Belly; who anſwer'd, *Better ſo then to have a Devil in my heart.*

The Maid and Phyſitian.

THere was a Maid who had taken a dram too much of the Bottle, and not well knowing what ſhe ailed, carried her water to a Phyſitian, who bid her be of good chear

chear, For (said he) *within these few months you shall have the cause of your grief in your Arms.*

King Edward *the Sixth.*

KIng *Edward* the *Sixth*, though he drew no strong Bow, yet he shot well at a Marke; and when *Dudly*, Duke of *Northumberland*, commended him once for well shooting, you shot better (said he) when you shot off my good Unkle Protectors head.

The Cooper and his Wife.

A Hasty Cooper beat his wife with a hoop for pissing the bed: The Neighbours to reconcile him to her, told him she was the weaker Vessel; *Therefore* (quoth he) *do I hoop her, because she should hold water.*

The French for a Cuckold.

AN English-man asked a French gallant, what was French for a Cuckold: who answer'd (*Coque:*) Then, said the English-man, is it not true French to say, *Monnsieur vous estes Coques?* The French man finding himself toucht to the quick, answer'd; *It is true French in the plural number, but not in the singular.*

R. H.

A Gentleman was commending the Wine at the *Roſe* in *Newgate-Market*; I cannot tell (ſaid one) what praiſe that Wine deſerves, but I am confident there is no better Wine in *London, than the Ale at the* Unicorn *in* Queens-head-alley.

The Traveller and King Henry *the Eighth.*

A Gentleman of King *Henry* the Eights privy-Chamber went to Travel, and upon his return, the King asked him divers queſtions concerning his journey; amongſt others, what he had ſeen memorable in the City of *Venice*: To which he replyed, that truly he had taken little notice thereof, For, ſaid he, *I only gallop'd poſt through it by night, and ſo came away.*

The Captain in 88.

THe Naval fight againſt the *Spaniards* in 1588, was pourtraied in a curious ſuit of hangings (which are ſtill preſerved, and adorn the Parliament-houſe) together with the lively Effigies of the moſt eminent Commanders and Captains in that fight. A Sea-Captain, who had been in that ſervice, looking on the Hangings, and not finding

ing his Effigies there, seemed very angry, saying, he deserved a place there better than some others that were in it: To whom one said, *Be content Captain, and make not this ado, you are reserved for another Hanging.*

The Justice of Peace and Constable.

A Lubberly Constable went to apprehend a Shoomaker within his house, but the Shoomakers wife so well bestirred her, that she soundly basted the Constable, whiles in the mean time her husband got away. The Constable thereupon went to a Justice of Peace, and complained unto him of the battery, and of the Shoomakers wives misusage; alleadging that if such a thing were not severely punish'd, it would tend much to his Worships disgrace: Whereto the Justice answered, *Seeing as thou say'st the disgrace will be mine, I forgive the Shoomakers wife.*

The Countrey-man and Astrologer W. L.

A Countrey-man having his wives honesty in suspition, went one morning betimes to an Astrologer, to be resolved of his doubts; the Wizard was not then up, and the Countrey-man having extraordinary occasion, untrust a point upon the threshold;

threshold: At last the Astrologer came down, and smelling what was done, in a great chafe, he said, If I knew who it was that did this nasty trick, I would have him severely punisht. The Conntrey-man hearing him say so; Nay then (said he) adieu Wizard, *I'll home again to my* Jenny; *if you know not who it was that shit at your door, I am sure you know nothing of my wifes honesty.*

The Countrey-man and Doctor.

ANother Country-man suspecting that a young *Shepherd* was over familiar with his Daughter, he went to a Doctor, who was famed for a great *Sooth-sayer* in that Countrey, and presented him with a couple of Capons, desiring to be resolved of his foresaid jealousie. The Doctor having received the present, took a great Book, and turning over divers leaves, made a rumbling to himself as though he conjur'd: at last, taking his spectacles off his Nose, he asked the Countrey-man both their ages, who told him that his Daughter was fifteen years of age, and the *Shepherd* two and twenty: Nay, then (said the Doctor) if they be of that age, byrlady friend, it may very well be so indeed.

The

The fellow and his Dogs.

A Gentleman ſending a brace of Greyhounds to a Knight, the Knight ask'd the Meſſenger that brought them, if they were good dogs or no: Good dogs, quoth the fellow, here is this (pointing to one of them) the beſt that ever ran upon four legs; *and this other here is five times better than he.*

A Noble man and his Page.

A Noble-man ſent his Page with a Peacock between two curious *Venice*-Diſhes to another Earl. Now it chanced that as the Page went to take off the upper diſh, to ſhew the Earl the preſent, it fell down and broke all to pieces; however, the Earl received the Peacock, and ſent one of his Gentlemen with the Page, to excuſe him to the Noble-man: Who hearing of the miſchance, asked the Page angerly, how he broke it: The Page trembling let the other fall out of his hand, which likewiſe broke all to pieces, and then ſaid, *even thus and like your honour I broke it.*

The poor Man and haſty Cook.

A Poor man in the City of *Paris* went to a Cooks ſhop to have had ſome meat;

but the Cook was so busied about serving higher Guests, that in the mean time the mans stomack was satisfied with onely the smell of the meat, and so would have gone away: but the covetous Cook would be paid for his dinner; which the man refusing, at last it was agreed to be decided by the next person that came by, which chanced to be the arranteſt Idiot in all the City: he calling for a couple of pewter-dishes, bid the man put his money betwixt them, and then decreed that the *Cook should rest satisfied for the smell of the meat, with onely the gingling of the money.*

A wise reason of a Fool.

A Fool lying asleep in an open field, had prick'd his staff in the ground before his face, to fence him from the winde; and telling one the reason why he did so, the other said, That could no ways shield him: Why (said the Fool) can the winde think ye blow thorough the staff?

A rich Heir.

A Rich Heir was by his Unkle beg'd for a Fool, who used always to have him with him, whithersoever he went: It chanced one a time they were at a Gentle-

mans

man, who had the picture of a Fool drawn in his Hangings. The Fool watching his opportunity, with a pen-knife cut that Picture out of the Hangings, and being reprehended for it, he said, You have more reason to thank me for it; for if my Unkle had spyed it *he would have beg'd the Hangings, as he beg'd my Lands.*

A witty answer of a Fool.

A Serving-man made his Masters Fool believe he would cut off his head: The Fool thereupon ran straight to his Master and told him of it: who answered, Fear not, he shall not cut off thy head, if he do, I'll hang him the next day after. *Nay, I pray* (replyed the Fool) *rather hang him a day before.*

Another.

ONe chid a Fool for throwing dust into his eyes: The Fool answered, *Truly I took you for a Letter.*

A witty answer of a Mad-man.

A Counrty-man coming to *London*, went to see the mad-folkes in *Bedlam*; one of them asked him what place he came from; he replyed, from *Newarke*: The mad-man then asked him what business he had

in Town; he told him only to see them. And come you hither onely to see us, said he? *Believe me (brother) I am not here for so great folly.*

The Fool and Dog.

A Fool was bitten by a Dog: The next day the Fool found him asleep in the grass, and knockt out his brains; saying, *He that hath Enemies, let him have a care how and where he sleeps.*

Good to watch as well as pray.

A Gentleman being at his prayers in the Church, a Cut-purse pickt his pocket; and complaining thereof, one told him, *If he had watched as well as pray'd, he had not lost his money.*

The valorous heart.

A Valiant Person in these late Wars being to go encounter with the Enemy, he fell a trembling; at which his men much marvailing: *See, see, Sirs, (said he) how basely my flesh quakes to think what a piece of trouble my adventurous heart will put it in anon.*

The Lawyer and his Clyent.

A Lawyer told his Clyent, that his Adversary had removed his suit out of that Court into another: *Let him remove it to the Devil,* (said he,) *if he will, I am sure for money, you'll follow after it.*

Money gains the Victory.

A Sergeant at the Law being at supper with a Gentleman, who had a *Nisi Prius* to be tryed the next day: The Gentleman in discourse stated his Case to him, and the Serjeant by several arguments made it to be most clear on the Gentlemans side: But when it came to hearing, this Serjeant was retained against him, and the Cause went clear against the Gentleman; who thereupon told the Serjeant, Sir, you were not of this opinion yesternight. No matter, said he, for that, *what I talk at my supper was for my recreation, but what I speak here is for my Fee.*

Nothing without money.

ONe went to a Lawyer for his advice without money, but the Lawyer was deaf on that ear; the man being more earnest with him to have his advice: *Will you*

have your Lamp burn (ſaid he) *without oyl?*

The caſe is alter'd, quoth Ployden, *how that Proverb came up.*

THere was a *Statute* in Queen *Elizabeths* days, that whoever had Maſs ſaid in their houſe ſhould pay fifty pounds: Mr. *Ployden* being in his heart a Papiſt; a Noblemans Coach-man undertook to bring him into that premunire; and getting on Prieſts weeds: went to Mr. *Ploydens*, who taking him for a Prieſt, he was there admitted to ſay Maſs: The Council being informed of the buſineſs, *Mr. Ployden* was ſent for, and the thing laid ſo home to his charge, that he confeſſed it, and depoſited down fifty pounds on the Table. Then one of the Council ſaid unto him, You may ſee *Mr. Ployden* what a blind Religion you are nurſed in; for he that ſaid *Maſs* at your houſe was no Prieſt, but onely ſuch a Noble-mans Coach-man, Nay then, quoth *Mr. Ployden*, the caſe is alter'd; *for no Prieſt no Maſs; no Maſs, no fifty pounds; ſo ſwept up his mony, and away he went.*

The Parents and different Childe.

A Man and his wife who were both great drinkers, had a Son very temperate; whereupon one said, that it was contrary to Nature, *that the Horse should trot, and the Mare trot, and that the Colt should amble.*

The Gentleman that was in earnest.

A Gentleman passing up *Fleet-street*, met with another Gentleman, who gave him so great a justle, as had well-nigh thrown him into the Channel; but recovering himself, he stept up to the other Gentleman, and asked him if it were in jest or in earnest; he replying, In earnest; Very well, said he, I am glad it is so, *for I tell you true, I like no such Jesting.*

The Turkey-Pye.

A Poor Gentleman had a Turkey-Pye very often serv'd to his Table; a serving-man being to carry it in again, neglected it; whereupon his Master calling for it, and asking why he did not bring it in: he reply'd. It hath been here so often, *I thought by this time, it could have found the way in alone.*

A Fart.

MAny Clowns being eating of a Posset together, one of them burned his chaps for greediness, with pain whereof he let fly a fart; Go thy ways, said he, thou art the happyest of all thy fellows, for hadst thou still remained within, thou wouldest have been most miserably scalded.

Dead and alive.

One asked a Boy, how many horses his Father had, who answer'd, five, with four that are dead.

The Gentleman and Boy.

A Gentleman riding on the way, saw a Boy keeping of piggs, and asking him whose they were, he said, his Mothers; then he asked him who was his *Mother*, the Boy said his Fathers wife; then asked he him who was his Father? Nay, for that Sir (said he) you must ask my *Mother*.

The Novice Prentice.

A Countrey-Boy that was new bound Prentice, seeing a Lord *Mayors* show and wondring much at the bravery thereof, Who said he would live in the Coun-

try,

try, *seeing we must all come to ride in such State?*

The Bastard Boy.

A Young Bastard was throwing of stones, amongst a multitude of People; to whom one said, *Have a care Sirrah, or you may chance to hit your Father.*

Like Mother, like Daughter.

A Countrey-woman much blamed her Daughter for gadding up and down among Ale-houses: Indeed *Mother*, said she, you have reason to be jealous of me, for I have often heard it said, *that I was your Daughter before ever that you was married to my Father.*

The Wench with Child.

A Countrey-Wench was gotten with-Child, and would by no means confess that she had the use of any Man; but being told it was a thing impossible; *Why*, said she, *may I not have a Child without a Man, as well as a Hen lay Eggs without a Cock?*

A loud Lie.

TWo Gentlemen being talking of fishing one of them said that he had caught a fish in his time as big about as the May-pole

pole in the *Strand*; which being hiſt at as a notorious lye, he called his man in to juſtifie it: *Ralph* (ſaid he) did not I at ſuch a time catch a fiſh as big about as the May-pole in the *Strand*? I cannot tell, ſaid *Ralph*, for the bigneſs of it, becauſe I did not meaſure it; but if it was not ſo big, *I am ſure it was as long.*

Samuel m

The Countrey-man and Scrivener.

A Countrey-man who had never been at *London* before, was gaping into a Scriveners ſhop; the Scrivener ſtanding at the Door, asked him what he would buy; Gaffer, ſaid he, what is it you ſell? the Scrivener told him loggerheads: ſaid the man, *I perceive you have quick trading, that you have but one left in the ſhop.*

The man and his Hare.

ONe meeting a man carrying a Hare at his back, and asking him if he would ſell it; he anſwerd no, I will not ſell it, but give me twelve pence and take it.

The Gentleman having ſore eyes.

A Gentleman that had ſore eyes was wiſhed to forbear drinking wine, as very deſtructive to his eye-ſight; but he by no means

means would yield unto it, affirming it was a lesser evil to shut up the windows of his body, than to let the whole house fall down for want of reparation.

The Scottish Parson.

A Scot was preaching how that all men are one anothers Neighbours and Brothers in Christ, even the Turk, the Jew, the Moore, the Cannibal, the far Indian; and then concluded, *Yea and the very Englishman is our Neighbour too.*

Another.

Ben. Johnson having over-night taken a Cup too much of the juice of the Grape, the next morning his head aking he wore a Cap, and meeting with Master *Drayton* his fellow-Poet, told him he thought he should dye, and therefore desired him for the love that had been betwixt them, to prefix these two lines upon his Grave, for his Epitaph:

Here lies Ben Johnson
That was once one.

That shall I do Brother *Ben* (said Master *Drayton*) and for the love I always bore to your *Muse*, I shall add two more of my own, which shall be these. *Who*

Who whilſt he liv'd in his bravery,
Was exceeding full of Knavery.

Ben Johnſon.

MAſter *Noy* the Attorny-General made once a great Veniſon-Feaſt at a Tavern: Maſter *Johnſon* having a minde to ſome of it, being in a room below with ſome of his Companions, wrote theſe verſes, and ſent them up to *Maſter Noy*.

When all the World was drown'd, no Veniſon
could be found;
For then there was no Park:
Loe here we ſit without ere a bit,
Noy has it all in his ark.

Theſe verſes produced not only Veniſon, but alſo half a piece in Gold to waſh it down in Sack.

Another of him.

BEn. *Johnſon* intending to paſs thorow the Half-Moon Tavern in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, (where is a thorowfare into *Bartholomew*-cloſe) the Tavern-door being ſhut up he was denied entrance; whereupon he made theſe verſes:

Since

Since the Half-Moon is ſo unkind to make me go about,
The Sun my money now ſhall take, the Moon ſhall go without.

And thereupon went to the *Sun-Tavern* at *Long-Lane* end; where afterwards he proved a good Gueſt, forſaking the *Half-Moon* for their diſcourteſie.

Another.

Ben. Johnſon kept an unlucky Boy, who when he ſent him on an arrand, would uſually loyter by the way, and then come home with ſome lye for an excuſe to his *Maſter*: It fortuned one day that his *Maſter* looking out at an upper window, ſaw his Boy very devoutly playing at Nine-pins; whereupon when he came home his *Maſter* deeply charged him with Idolatry; the Boy denying that ever he was guilty of Idolatry in his life: No ſirrah (ſaid he) did not I ſee you fall down and worſhip that great wooden Idol the Nine-pin? But I aſſure ye, *if ever ye commit Idolatry again, I ſhall puniſh ye worſe than thoſe are puniſht that commit adultery.*

Two Poets.

TWo Poets went to Rime one with another, whereof the one was named *Johnson*, the other *Silvester*: *Silvester* first began in this manner.

My name is Silvester.
I lay with your Sister.

The other answered,

And my name is Johnson.
I lay with your Wife.

But that said *Silvester* is no Rime; Rime or Rime not, said *Johnson*, I protest it is true though.

Master Randolph.

THo. *Randolph* the wit of *Cambridge*, coming to *London*, had a great mind to see *Master Johnson*, who was then drinking at the Devil-Tavern near *Temple-bar*, with *Master Drayton*, *Master Daniel*, and *Master Silvester*, three eminent Poets of that age; he being loath to intrude into their company, and yet willing to be called, peeped in several times at the door, insomuch that *Master Johnson* at last took notice of him,

and

and ſaid, Come in *John Bo-peep*. Maſter *Randolph* was not ſo gallant in cloaths as they, however he ſat down amongſt them; at laſt when the reckoning came to be paid, which was five ſhillings, it was agreed, that he who made the beſt *extempore* verſe ſhould go Scot-free, the other four to pay it all: whereupon every one of them put out their verſes; at laſt it came to Maſter *Randolphs* turn, whoſe lines were theſe:

I John Bo-peep, to you four ſheep,
With each one his good fleece;
If you are willing to pay your five ſhilling,
'Tis fifteen pence apiece.

Another of Maſter Randolph.

MAſter *Randolph* one day and a Gentleman being in company, they happened to have ſome angry words paſs between them, inſomuch that the Gentleman at laſt drew out his ſword, and ſtriking at Maſter *Randolph*, cut off his little finger, which was no ſooner done, but ſcarcely before it could be dreſſed, he made theſe verſes.

Arith-

Arithmetick nine digits and no more
Admits of, then I ſtill have all my ſtore:
But what miſchance hath t'ane from my left hand,
It ſeems did onely for a Cypher ſtand;
Hence when I ſcan my verſe, if I do miſs,
I will impute the fault only to this:
A fingers loſs, I ſpeak it not in ſport,
Will make a verſe a foot too ſhort.

John Taylor.

John Taylor the Water-Poet, was once aboard of a Ship called the Hector, where he was by the Maſter ſo follow'd with Wine, that it was eaſily perceived by every Seaman, who thereupon began to play upon him, and to abuſe him; whereupon *John* in a poetical rage, thus invocated the Patron of the Ship.

O thou noble Hector, the valiant Son of Priam,
Grant that all theſe men may be as drunk as I am.

Sir

Sir Thomas Moor.

ONe presented Sir *Thomas Moor* once with a Book, for his approbation, who perusing it, and finding nothing in it worthy the reading, told him it would be far better if it were put into verse, which accordingly he did, and brought it again to Sir *Thomas*, who taking it, and reading a few lines thereof; I marry, said he, now I see here is some rime, *before there was neither rime nor reason.*

Another.

THe same Sir *Thomas Moor*, for denying the Kings Supremacy, was committed Prisoner to the Tower of *London*; At his first landing, the Gentleman-porter demanded his uppermost garment for his Fee; Sir *Thomas* then pulled a white Cap off of his head which he wore, saying, *Here take it, this is the uppermost garment I have.*

Another.

ONe commended to Sir *Thomas Moor*, the clearness of his Beer, and the well relish of the hop; to whom Sir *Thomas* said, If it had been a little clearer, one could not have discerned it from water; and if it had hopt a little farther, *it had hopt into the* Thames.

Another.

SIr *Thomas Moor* being once a drinking, ſpyed a Flie in his Glaſs, wherefore with his knife he took it out, but having drunk put it in again; ſaying, *Though I do not love them in my drink, perhaps ſome others do.*

Another.

WHen Sir *Thomas Moor* was Lord-Chancellour of *England*, being at his houſe at *Chelſey*, ſome one had gotten a little Dog from a beggar-woman, and preſented it to the Lady *Moor*; The beggar-woman complained thereof to Sir *Thomas*, who could not perſwade her to part with the Dog: But Sir *Thomas* told her it belonged to his Office, to do Juſtice to every one; and thereupon he commanded his Lady and the beggar-woman to come into his great Hall, placing the one at the one end, and the other at the other; Then took he the Dog, and holding him in the middle betwixt them both, he bid either of them call him: but no ſooner was the Dog let looſe, but he ran to the beggar-woman, whereupon he adjudged the Dog to belong to her, and told his Lady that if ſhe would have him, ſhe muſt buy him of the right owner.

Ano-

Another.

NOt long after Sir *Thomas* was condemned, he sent for a Barber to the Tower, intending to have his Beard cut; but before such time as the Barber came, word was brought him to prepare himself, for he must dye the next day; Wherefore when the Barber came, he told him *he had thoughts to have cut his Beard, but having now so short a time to live, he was resolved his Beard should take the same fortune with his head.*

Another.

AFterwards when he was upon the Scaffold ready for to dye, going to lay down his head upon the block, he bid the Executioner stay a while, till such time he had laid his Beard over the block: For though, (said he) *the King gave you a Commission to cut off my head, he gave you no Commission to cut that.*

A Noblemans health.

CErtain Knights being drinking a health to a Nobleman of this Kingdome, one of them to honour it the more, put into the Glass some pieces of gold: At last it came to the share of a merry-disposed Gentleman

to drink, who having ſwallowed up all the wine, turn'd the gold into his hand, and put it in his pocket, ſaying, *I never drank of any drink in my life, but I could always make bold with the toaſt.*

A deformed wit.

ONe ſeeing a man of excellent learning, crooked and deformed in body, ſaid, Lord, *what a poor Cottage doth yonder good wit inhabit!*

The toothleſs Miſer.

AN over-pin'd Miſer complain'd that he had almoſt loſt all his teeth in his head, with the Rheume; one that ſtood by anſwer'd him, *it was more likely for want of uſe.*

A New-faſhion'd Coat of arms.

ONe ſeeing his enemies Arms fairly drawn on a wall, took a penſil to draw the like underneath; So in the firſt houſe he drew his enemies chief coat, and all the reſt of the Eſcutcheon he figured with twenty kinds of Pots, Cups and drinking-Glaſſes, and underneath wrote thus: *Theſe my fore-fathers left me, and I will increaſe them.*

The Thiefs queſtion.

ONe having done a robbery in one Shire, was taken in another, and brought before a Juſtice there, who refuſed to meddle with him, but return'd him to the Shire where he had done the Robbery: The Thief thereupon ſaid unto him, I pray Sir if that be the Law, let me ask you one queſtion; *If a man be taken abed with his Neighbours wife this night, what muſt he be ſent thither again the next night?*

A Rougiſh trick to a ſtranger.

A Stranger coming to a Brook, asked a Countrey-man on the other ſide, if it were paſſable or no: Yea, Sir (ſaid he) you may paſs very well: But plunging in, he ſtuck there ſo faſt, that he had much adoe to get out again, whereupon he curſt and ſwore very bitterly at the man: Truly Sir, ſaid he, I had thought you might, *for my Neighbour* Parkers *geeſe and mine paſs over it every day.*

The Countrey-man.

A Fellow that was hang'd, was carted back again to the Town to be buried, and the Coarſe being ſet down, a great ma-

ny men and boyes ſtood gazing on it. By chance a Country-fellow came by, and ſeeing them ſtand ſo gazing, Away, away (Sirs) for ſhame, ſaid he, *you are able to put an honeſt man out of countenance, ſo to gaze on him.*

Of one ſpitting in the fire.

ONe ſitting by the fire to warm him in very cold weather, ſaid that the fire was his friend; and quickly after ſpit into it: to whom one that ſat by him ſaid, *Indeed Sir you do not well to quench your friends love by ſpitting in his face.*

A deep Queſtion.

ONe having read in the ſtory of the ſeven Champions, how St. *George* had killed the Dragon, and delivered from death *Sabra* the fair maid of *Egypt*, he ſaid he wonder'd how men could invent ſuch lies: For there never was any Dragon, neither was there ever any *St. George*; to which another reply'd, For St. *George* or the Dragon, it matter'd not whether there were ever ſuch or no; but the greateſt matter was, *whether there was a maid.*

Of

Of Madam Carlton.

MAdam *Carlton*, commonly called or known by the name of the German-Princeſs, being by the procurement of her Husbands friends committed priſoner to the Gate-houſe; one of thoſe her back-friends went to give her a viſit, telling her he had a great deſire to ſee her, having heard much of her extraordinary breeding; to whom ſhe replyed; Alas Sir, *I am ſorry you have loſt your labour, having left that in the City amongſt my Husbands kindred, who had ſuch extraordinary need thereof.*

Another of her.

ANother of theſe her Viſitants among other diſcourſe, told her, that *marrying and hanging went by deſtiny*; to whom ſhe anſwer'd, *that ſhe had received from the deſtinies marriage, and he in probability might hanging.*

Hugh Peters *and* Oliver.

Oliver the late Uſurper riding abroad one day in his Coach, *Hugh Peters* was mounted on a *Steed*, and followed after; it chanced a ſudden ſhower of rain to fall, whereupon *Oliver* being unwilling his

Chaplain ſhould be wet, ſent him his Coat to keep him dry: Which *Hughkin* modeſtly refuſed, returning this anſwer to the Meſſenger, *that he would not be in his coat for a thouſand pound.*

Pride *and* Hewſon.

PRide and *Hewſon*, two of *Cromwels* pageant Lords, the one formerly a Drayman, the other a Cobler; theſe two meeting together, *Pride* told *Hewſon* he ſaw a peice of Coblers wax ſticking upon his Scarlet Cloak; No matter for that, (ſaid *Hewſon*) a handfull of Brewers grains will wipe it off well enough.

The Parſon and the good Wife.

A Parſon preaching a Sermon on a Good-Friday, ſaid, Now which of you all in honour of this good day, will not forgive his enemy with all his heart? A woman hearing him ſay ſo, ſtept forth and ſaid, *Sir I do?* Whom, ſaid the Parſon? Marry (quoth ſhe) *whoſoever will do ſo much as kill the knave my Husband.*

The Parson and Church-Warden.

A Parson riding into the North of *England*, it was his chance to stay at a small Village on a Sunday, where they had no Minister at that time: Whereupon he offer'd to bestow a *Sermon* on them; which the Church-Warden being informed of, went to him, and asked him if he were Licensed to preach; Yes said the Parson that I am, and there-withall drew out of a Box his License, asking the Church-Warden if he understood Latine? No (said he) *I* do not, yet however let me see it, perhaps I may pick here and there a word out of it. No quoth the Parson *I will have no words pickt out of it, for that is the way to spoile my License.*

Dr. Adams, *and Dr.* Low.

TWo Ministers, whereof the one was named *Mr. Adams*, the other Dr. *Low*, being to preach before a great Auditory, the Doctor chose for his Text this place of Scripture, Adam, *where art thou!* he having done, Master *Adams* stepped up, and took for his Text the following words, *viz. Low here am I.*

Dr. Heylin

Dr. Heylin.

DR. *Heylin* the famous Coſmographer, being ſent for to his Elder Brothers by a Serving-man, who had a long time remained to that Family, as they journeyed along, they loſt themſelves in a Wood: The Serving man being quite at a loſs, deſired the Doctor to ride before; which he (as good reaſon was) refuſing, the man in a pelting chaſe, ſaid, *I have heard my old Maſter your Father ſay, that you writ a book of all the whole World: Now if you ſo well knew all the World, me thinks you might eaſily finde the way out of a Wood.*

Dr. Donne.

DR. *Donne* having privately married Sir *George Moors* Daughter, whoſe name was *Anne*; falling into his Fatherinlaws diſpleaſure, he with a Diamond-ring wrote thus on the glaſs-window; *John Donne, Anne Donne, done and undone.*

Of Pope Adrian.

POpe *Adrian* the ſixth being minded to throw Paſquins Image into *Tyber*, to take away the cauſe of Libelling, which was then uſed under the name of that Image,

Image, The Duke of *Sesa* said unto him, *If your Holiness throw Pasquin into* Tyber, *he will then turn Frog, and croke both day and night; whereas now he only crokes a day time.*

The Pope and St. Peter.

IT is said of a certain Pope, that when he was dead he went to Heaven-gates and knocked there. St. *Peter* demanding who he was, he said the last deceased Pope: Then said St. *Peter*, If you be the Pope, why do you knock, since you have the keys to come in at your pleasure? to whom the Pope answer'd; that *his Predecessors indeed had the keys, but since that time the wards were alter'd.*

The Spanish Bishop and Shepherd.

A Spanish-Bishop seeing a Shepherd Sunning himself, said unto him, I wonder that Shepherds now adays are not as they were in time past, when great Prophets and Kings refused not to keep Sheep, and to them also the Angels told the birth of our Saviour; to whom the Shepherd answer'd *Neither are Bishops now adays as in old time, at divers of whose deaths Bells are said to ring of themselves, and now can scarcely be made to ring with mens strength.*

Bishop

Biſhop Bonner.

BIſhop *Bonner* being at the time of the Reformation degraded from his Biſhoprick, one thinking to put a jeſt upon him, deſired a piece of his tippet to heelſtall his hoſe: To whom *Bonner* anſwer'd, that his tippet was not fit for that purpoſe, but told him he had a fooliſh head of his own, which would ſerve very well to line his Hat. Another time riding abroad, one met him and ſaid, good morrow Biſhop *Quondam*; to whom *Bonner* replyed, Adieu Knave *ſemper idem*.

The Spaniſh-Fryer.

A Spaniſh-Fryer had a Biſhoprick in *India* granted unto him, but he deſiring not to go out of his own Countrey, thus ſpake to the Kings Secretary: *Sir, knowing that a Biſhops place is a dangerous thing to undertake, and being conſcious of my own inſufficiency, I am in the minde that to take it upon me, is the high way to Hell; and to go to Hell by* India *is a great way about, wherefore I pray aſſign me ſome nearer Sea, or none at all.*

The Bishop and his Chaplain.

A Bishops Chaplain helping his Lord on with his Rotcher, it being the first time and he not very perfect at it, he said unto him, My Lord, methinks your Sleeves are very straight: True (answer'd the Bishop) *for I have been these twenty years in getting them on, and never till now could do it.*

Reason for this.

ANother said that the chief reason why the Anabaptists would have had the Bells down out of the Churches, was, *because of the Ropes*, being conscious to themselves what they had deserved.

A useless Library.

A Scholar having a great Library, and seldome or never coming at it to Study, one said unto him, *It seems* (Sir) *that you and your books are at a truce.*

Peter Martyr.

PEter *Martyr* Chronicler to the King of *Spain*, having a long time sued for a Bishoprick, and hearing at last that four Confessors were made Bishops at once, said, Faith amongst so many Confessors, one *Martyr* would have done very well. *The*

The Biſhop and Student.

A Young Student in *Spain* for ſome miſdemeanors he had committed, was ſummoned before a Biſhop who had a very reverend beard: Who after ſeveral Reaſons and Arguments in his defence, at laſt pleaded Conſcience. What, you talk of Conſcience (ſaves the Biſhop) and have never a beard yet? *I cry you mercy*, quoth the Student then, *for I perceive if Conſcience go by beards, your Lordſhip hath got a very large one.*

A Requeſt anſwered.

ONe deſired a Gentleman to ſpeak for him to a certain Biſhop, that his Lordſhip would be pleaſed to forgive him a Debt; to whom he anſwer'd, *his Graces power was to bind, and not to looſe.*

The Abbot, and the Meſſenger.

THere was a Biſhop that ſent ſix fat Capons to an Abbot, whereof the Meſſenger eat up one of them by the way: The Abbot having read the Biſhops Letter, and underſtanding that he had ſent him ſix Capons, bid the Meſſenger thank his Lordſhip from him for five of them, *and as for the ſixth pray thank him thy ſelf.*

King

King Henry *the Eighth, and the Abbot.*

HEnry the eighth being abroad on hunting, through the eager purſuit of his Game loſt his attendants; at length he wandred to the Abby of St. *Albans*, where (unknown) he dined with the Abbot, and fell ſo ſtoutly on, that the Abbot taking notice thereof, ſaid, he would give a hundred pound he had ſo good a ſtomach, for quoth he my ſtomach is ſo queaſie, that I am ready to ſurfeit with peſtle of a Lark, or the wing of a Partridge. The King remembring his words, the next day ſent for him up by a couple of Purſevants, and without ſhewing any reaſon clapt him in the Tower, where he was fed for a Fortnight with only bread and water: At laſt the King ſent him a Rib of roaſt Beef, on which he fed ſo heartily, and made ſo deep an impreſſion, that the King ſtepping from his Coverture wherein he ſtood to ſee what the Abbot would do, demanding of him his hundred pounds; ſaying, *Since I have been your Phyſitian, and recovered your ſtomach, pay me my money*; which the Abbot was forced for to do.

Ano-

Another of King Henry *the eighth, and the Abbot of* Glaſtenbury.

THe ſame King *Henry* having a months mind to the Abbot of *Glaſtenburies* Eſtate, (who was one of the richeſt Abbots in *England*) ſent for him to his Court, and told him that without he could reſolve him three Queſtions, he ſhould not eſcape with his life: The Abbot willing to get out of his clutches, promiſed his beſt endeavours. The Kings queſtions were theſe: Firſt, of *what compaſs the world was about*: Secondly, *how deep the Sea was*; and Thirdly, *what the King thought*. The Abbot deſired ſome few days reſpite. which being granted, he returned home, but with intent never to ſee the King again, for he thought the queſtions impoſſible to be reſolved; This his grief coming at laſt to the ears of his Cook, he undertook upon forfeiture of his life, to reſolve theſe Riddles, and to free his Maſter from danger; The Abbot willingly condeſcended. So the Cook got on the Abbots cloaths, and at the time appointed went to the Court, and being like the Abbot in Phyſiognomy, was taken by all the Courtiers to be the ſame man: When he came before the King (omitting other circumſtances) he

thus

thus resolved his three questions; first of *what compass the World was about*; he said, it was but twenty four hours journey, and if a man went as fast as the Sun, he might easily go it in that space. The second, *How deep the Sea was*? He answered, only a stones cast, for throw a stone into the deepest place of it, & in time it will come to the bottom. To the third, which I conceive saith he, your Majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve, but indeed is the easiest, that is, *what your highness thinks*; I answer, that you think me to be the Abbot of *Glastenbury*, when as indeed, I *am but* Jack *his Cook*.

King Henry *the eighth and* Will. Summers.

KIng *Henry* going once by water, took *Will. Summers* his Jester along with him for his divertisement. It happened the weather to prove very tempestuous, so that being in some danger, *Summers* said to him, *Harry, Harry I had rather be thy Fool by land, than thy Companion at Sea:* which made the King when he came on Land, to laugh heartily at his timerous disposition.

Another.

AT such a time as King *Henry* was in opposition with the King of *France*, it

happened that *Summers* was then in the French Court, in whom for his pleasant discourse that King was highly delighted; and going upon a time to the House of Office, to to have the merryer stool called *Summers* along with him, and said unto him, Look here *Summers*, how I value thy King whose picture thou seest hanging here in my privy; I see it well, said *Summers*, and withall I observe, *that you never look upon it, but at the sight thereof you are ready to bewray your Breeches.*

King Henry *the eighth and the Prior of* Dunmow.

KIng *Henry* going once to the Priory of *Dunmow*, he observed therein two Monkes which were reputed for very Holy-men: Whereof the one was exceeding fat, the other extraordinary lean; and asking the Prior the reason thereof, he answer'd; If it please your Majesty, *this Monk which is exceeding fat, thinks only of God and the joys of Heaven: and the other who is so extraordinary lean, meditates continnally on Death Doomsday, and Hell.*

King

King Henry *the thirds base Son,*

KIng *Henry* the third had a base Son named *Geoffry*, who in all his protestations used these words, *by the honour of the King my Father*; to whom *Walter Malpas* the Kings confessor, said: *Methinks you might do well sometimes to remember your Mothers honesty, as well as so often to mention your Fathers Royalty.*

The Portugal Fryer.

A Portugal Fryar discoursing in his Sermon of a great victory his Nation had obtained against the Spaniards that day 12 moneth, he said, Then both Armies camped near unto the River, *We Christians on the one side, and the Spaniards on the other.*

An Atheistical speech of a French-man.

A Yonger Brother of a good Family in *France*, having committed a Robbery, was for the same convicted, and Sentence of death pronounced against him: at which he grew very much disquieted, and something outragious in his discourse; Wherefore the Fryer who was appointed to be his Confessor, sought by religious perswations to comfort him, bidding him be of good

cheer, for his next meals meat ſtould be in Heaven; *Faith*, quoth the Thief, *I have ſmall appetite at this time to any Heavenly food; therefore if you will take the dinner for me, I will give you five pounds to diſcharge the ſhot.*

The Iriſh Lord and Tory.

AN Iriſh Lord named *Mac Mahown* had taken one of the Tories Priſoner, and for ſome ſecret grudges he bare unto him, would by no entreaty ſpare his life, but commanded he ſhould be hanged preſently, and made a Fryer ſhrive him; who examining him of his ſins, asked him which was the heavieſt, and did moſt burthen his Conſcience; The Tory anſwer'd, that which he moſt repented of, was, that the Laſt week when he had *Mahown* at his mercy in the Church, that he did not ſet fire to it, but out of pitty to ſave the Church let him eſcape; which he counted the worſt Act that ever he did. The Fryer bid him to change his minde, and die in charity, or he would never goe to Heaven; Nay quoth the Tory *I* will never change my mind whatſoever becomes of my Soul. Whereupon the Fryer went to *Mahown*, and deſired him to defer the fellows Execution till he were in a better minde, for if he died being

being so much out of charity, his Soul was sure to go to Hell: The Tory hearing the Fryer thus entreat for him, desired of *Mahowne*, that seeing he was so unprepared to dye, and the Fryer so well disposed, and ready to go to Heaven, *that he would hang the Fryer, and let him tarry till another time.* *Mahown* hearing this mad answer, forgave him his offence, and pardon'd him that time.

The winking Parson.

A Parson in a certain Church in *London*, used commonly to pray with his eyes shut; one demanding the reason why he did so; it was answer'd, *Because he would be thought to know the way to Heaven so well that he could find it blind fold.*

Cardinal Wolsey *and the Nobleman.*

A Ruffling Nobleman in the time of King *Henry* the eighth came into the Court, with a Suit all bedawbed with Gold and Silver-lace, saying, Am not I a lusty man that can carry five hundred Acres of land on my back? to whom Cardinal *Wolsey* said, You might have better employ'd some of it in paying you debts; *'Tis true indeed,* quoth the Nobleman, *for the Lord my father, ought the goodman your Father three*

half pence for a Calves head, hold, there is two pence for it. Woolseys Father being a Butcher.

The Welshman that fasted against his will.

A Welshman who was not much used to the religious observation of fasting-dayes, was entertained into a Gentlemans service; where according to the custome, he was made to fast the Eves of divers Saints; as Saint *Peter*, Saint *Paul*, Saint *Bartholomew*, &c. All which he grudginly performed: at length came the Eve of all *Saints*, for which he was very willing to fast, as supposing no more would come after; but on Saint *Andrews* Eve it was told him he must fast again, which he utterly refused, saying he had fasted for all the Saints together, and therefore he would fast no more: but it was told him that he must fast for St. *Andrew* also; Why then quoth he, pray tell me, *were was* Saint Andrew *when all the Saints were together.*

A good jest of a Welshman.

A Welsh Gentleman who had one of his own countrey-men waiting on him being at a Fair, and drawing out a Purse with store of Money in it, was espyed by a Cut-

Cut-purse, who never left doging him, till such time as he had eas'd him of that burthen; But his man espying him, drew out his knife, and cut off the Thiefs ear: who feeling it to smart, asked him what he meant by it: *No great harm friend*, said the Welshman, (shewing him his ear in his hand) *only give hur Master hur Purse, and hur will give hur hur ear again.*

Another.

A Young Cockney-Squire, who loved to to eat of Partridg, would to have it the more reasonable (as he thought) keep a Hawk of his own, and to that purpose went to a shop where they are to be sold; the Master of the shop perceiving him to have no great skill, sold him an Owl instead of a Hawk, which he having kept a day or two the Owl began to cry, Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo; the Squire hearing her, said, I have got a good penny-worth, for I have a Hawk and a Hawkner too.

Dulman and the Lords Ape.

A Certain Knight kept a Dulman to his Clerk, and having some occasion to write to the Lord chief Justice, he sent this Clerk with the Letter: Who comming to the

chief Juſtice place, ſaw at the Gate an Ape ſitting there in a coat made for him, as they uſe to apparel Apes for ſport. The Clerk ſeeing one in ſuch bravery, imagined it to be my Lord chief Juſtices Son, and therefore pull'd off his Cap, and bowed very lowly unto it, ſaying my Maſter commendeth him to my Lord your Father, and hath ſent him here a Letter; The Ape took it, looked thereon, and afterwards upon the Man, makeing many mocks and mows, as the property of Apes is to do: whereupon Dulman becauſe he underſtood him not, went back again to his Maſter, ſaying he had delivered the Letter to my Lord chief Juſtices Son, who ſate at the Gate in a fair coat. His Maſter asked him what anſwer he gave him, he ſaid he gave him an anſwer, but it was in French, or Latine, for he underſtood it not; but Sir, ſaid he, you need not fear your buſineſs, for I ſaw by his looks that he would do your errand to my Lord his Father.

Welſhmens prerogative.

ONe ſaid that Welſhmen are without compare on Saint *Davids* day, becauſe that none wears Leeks but they.

Of a Welshman.

A Welshman was for theft arraigned and convicted, but by the favour of the Bench had his book granted him: being burnt in the hand, he was bid to say, *God save the King*: nay, said he, God bless my Father and Mother, for had they not taught me to read, I might have been hanged.

Another.

THere was a Welshman who wanted both money and Victuals, and being in this extremity, yet thought it better to steal than starve: Wherefore spying a Bull with a cut tail in a Pasture, there being a Fair but six miles off, he made a vertue of necessity; and took the Bull along with him thither. It happened that the Market was so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him; but he in the mean time mistrusting the worst, had procured another Beasts taile, and so fastned it to the Bull that it seemed to be his own; the owner walking by, and viewing the Bull well, said to a Neighbour of his, had this Bull a cut tail I would swear it were mine; the Welshman overhearing him, said, Sir, will you swear this Bull is yours? Yea said the owner, I should have

have ſworn it if it had had a cut tail: I will try that preſently, quoth the Welſhman, and thereupon ſteps to the Bull, and with his knife cuts off his tail, juſt above the place where he had faſtned the falſe one; and throwing it away, ſaid, Now Sir, will you ſwear that it is your Bull? The man ſeeing the Bull bleed extreamly, thought it was beſt to be gone, and ſo left the Welſhman to ſell the Bull as he pleaſed himſelf.

Another.

A Welſhman having received ſome affront in *Smithfield*, made no more adoe but brake the fellows head who gave him that affront, for which he was taken and forced to pay ten groats, (his whole eſtate:) being liberty, and both hungry and thirſty, he went to a Cooks-ſhop, and called for as much belly-Timber of each ſort as came to five Groats. The Cook himſelf his houſe being empty, ſeeing his Gueſt alone, ſat down to bear him Company: In their diſcourſe, the Welſhman told him how he had lately been abuſed, and would know of him whether it were juſt thing for a man to pay ten groats for drawing of blood; Yes quoth he, it is ſo according to law: Then ſaid the Welſhman, *Here is five groats to pay*

break

break my head, and give me the reſt again; which was all the ſatisfaction the Cook could have of him for his Victuals.

Of a Milk Woman.

A Milk-Woman in *London*, that had by mixing water with her milk, gotten the ſum of an hundred Pounds, to encreaſe it more ventured the ſame in a Voyage at Sea, but by chance of Tempeſt the Ship was caſt away; which the woman hearing of, *Then farewell hundred Pound*, (quoth ſhe) *lightly come lightly go*; *I got it by the water, and I loſt it by the water.*

The impertinent Babler.

ONe having made a long, tedious and idle diſcourſe, before a grave learned and Reverend Perſon of this Realm, concluded it thus; Sir, I doubt, I have been too tedious to you with my many words: *In troth* (ſaid the Gentleman) *you have not been tedious to me, for I gave no heed in any thing you ſaid.*

Doctor

Doctor Trigg and the wench.

A Young Wench who, had taken a dram of the bottle, went with her water to Doctor *Trigg*, who told her the Baker had been too busie with her, and left a penny loaf in her belly; No indeed Sir (said she) you are mistaken, *it was not he it was my Fathers man.*

On spitting in the face.

A Countrey Farmer was very angry with a Gentleman for Hawking in his ground; whereupon the Gentleman spit in his face; the Farmer therewith more incensed, asked him the reason why he did so; Friend, said the Gentleman, you have no reason to be angry, because I gave you warning, *for I hawk'd before I spit*

Another.

ONe by chance spit in another mans face, whereat as being sorry for his offence, he said, I cry you mercy Sir for spitting in your face, *but if you please to lie down, I will tread it out again with my foot.*

The

The Maſter and man.

Upon Saint *Stevens* day it is the cuſtome of many people to let their horſes blood; A Gentlemans man asking his Maſter if his horſe ſhould not bleed that day according to the faſhion: *No Sirrah* (ſaid he) *I would have you to know that my horſe is not ſick of the faſhions.*

Where abouts Cuckolds horns grow.

THree Goſſips chatting over a pinte of Canary, one of them ſaid, I wonder where abouts Cuckolds horns do grow; one of them ſaid in the forehead, another in the nape of the neck; and that may very well be, ſaid the third *for my Husbands bands are all worn out behind.*

On one named Sampſon.

TWo or three Gentlemen were drinking together, whereof the one of them was named *Sampſon*; being in diſcourſe concerning the differences betwixt the Engliſh and the Dutch, one of them ſaid, What need we to fear the Dutch, ſince here is *Sampſon* able to conquer them all? True (ſaid *Sampſon*) that I may do, *if you pleaſe to lend me one of your jaw-bones,*

The

The Lord and his Steward.

A Paſſionate Lord called his Steward knave; to whom the Steward mildly replyed, *Your honour may ſpeak as you pleaſe, but I believe not a word as you ſay, for I know my ſelf an honeſt man.*

On Claret.

TWo Gentlemen coming into a Tavern one of them called for a quart of Claret: the other ſaid to him, What, do you love Claret? For my part *I'le ſee it burnt before I'le drink a drop of it.*

A Witty claſh of words.

A Gentleman invited ſome of his friends into his Celler to taſt of his Sack, but wanting a Cup, one of them proffer'd to lend him a *Can*: No (ſaid another) we will not drink in a *Cain*, for then we ſhall not be *Abel* to get up again.

On Mr. Stone.

ONe Mr. *Stone* riding by a deep River his Horſe ſtumbled and caſt him into it; a Companion of his that was riding along with him, ſeeing him ſwim to ſave his life, laughed heartily, and being asked his reaſon

ſon therefore, anſwer'd, *That it would make any man laugh to ſee a Stone ſwim.*

On a Recorder of London.

ONe named *Peper* was brought before a *Recorder* of *London*, who miſtaking his name, called him *Piper*; whereupon *Peper* being ſomething offended told the *Recorder* of his miſtake; Why, ſaid the *Recorder*, what difference is there betwixt *Piper* in Latine, and *Peper* in Engliſh? Yea, ſaid *Peper*, there is as much difference as there is between a *Pipe* and a *Recorder:*

On a fooliſh Book.

A Learned witty Dedication being placed before a dull fooliſh Book, a Gentleman ſaid, he wondered how they came to be matched together; *In truth*, ſaid another, *they may well be matched together, for I proteſt they are nothing a kin.*

Of Gameing.

ONe adviſed his friend who was a great Gameſter to give over Play, affirming it to be a great ſin and folly; to whom the other replyed, that it was rather a ſpecial vertue and remedy againſt the ſeven deadly ſins: for firſt (ſaid he) how can that man be

be proud, who having loſt a hundred or two of pounds at dice with a Nobleman, will afterwards be ſo humble as to venture his teſter with a Lacquey? Or ſecond, how can he be covetous, that will not ſafe-guard his utmoſt penny from Play? Or in the third place, how luſty to women, that continually tires himſelf out at play? Or fourth, how a glutton, that dares not beſtow a teſter on his belly, for fear he ſhould need the ſame at Play? Or fifth, how covetous of other mens goods, that is ſo careleſs of his own? Or ſixth, how angry, that puts up a thouſand curſes from others, without returning ere a word? Or ſeventh, how ſlothful, that ſits up whole days and nights at play?

The wordleſs Song.

ONe was ſaying, that a Fidler who lived in ſuch a place had a moſt rare Song with never a word in it; A Scholar hearing ing of it, went thither, deſiring the Fiddler *to ſing it, and he would take it in ſhort-hand.*

Of going to Bedlam.

A Countrey fellow coming to *London*, asked a Shop-keeper who ſtood at his door, which was the next way to goe to *Bedlam*: the Citizen told him the neareſt way

way was to be mad: And that is the reason, quoth the Fellow, *that you born-mad Citizens can direct us in the way so perfectly.*

An Ignoramus.

QUeen *Elizabeth* minding to favour a young Gentleman whose Father had been in some disgrace, said unto him, I hope you will now raise up your Fathers house again, and make amends for his default. The young Novice answered, An't like your Majesty, one end of my Barn is sore decayed indeed with the last winde, *but my Mother hath promis'd to be at the charge of reparation.*

Every one to his Trade.

A Rustical Husbandman challenged kindred of an eminent Bishop of this Land, requesting him to bestow an office upon him: *Cousin* (said the Bishop) *if your Cart be broken, ile mend it; if your Plough be old, ile give you a new one, and seed to sowe your land; but an husbandman I found you, and a Husbandman ile leave you.*

King James *and the Welſhman.*

KIng *James* riding late home from *Theobalds* to *White-hall* chanc'd to be catcht in a ſhower of rain, wherupon command was given to his retinue to ride faſter: Amongſt the reſt was a Welſhman a retainer to the Earl of *Pembrook*, who being badly mounted, flutterd and ſpurd with his legs to keep pace with them, and made ſuch a buſtle with belabouring his horſe, that the King asked him who he was? *Ant pleaſe her Majeſty* (the Welſhman replyed) *her is as good a Shentleman as the beſt of them, but her Cattel cannot travel ſo faſt.*

Of the French Kings Letter.

FRancis King of *France*, in a Letter which he ſent to the Emperours Ambaſſadour wrote thus, To the Ambaſſadour of Kings, and King of Ambaſſadours.

The Taylors man.

A Taylor ſent his man to a Gentleman with a long bill for ſome little money due to him, who rather willing to cavil then to pay, in a great rage ſaid: Why Sirrah, *does your Maſter think I am running away, that he is ſo haſty to ſend for his money?*

No

No Sir, said the Servant, my Master doth not imagine you to be about to run away, *but he himself is*, which makes him so earnest with you and others, to get money to carry along with him.

How Taylors came to be of the blood-Royal.

WHen King *Henry* the fifth was Prince of *Wales*, he was a very dissolute Prince, and with a company of Roysters that belonged to him, would oftentimes Rob on the High-way; and though for the most pars they bore away the prize, yet oftentimes they met with stout opposition. It happened one time that they were so hardly matcht, that his party received many blows, and amongst the rest he had some cuts or slashes given him on a doublet he then wore, which for the rarity of it his Father took special notice of: Therefore, that it might not be espyed, it was carried to a Taylors to mend: The Taylor having viewed it, and considering it could not be well mended without taking in pieces, threw it unto his Journey-man to un-rip, and he being poor and proud, Taylor-like, scorning such inferiour work as to un-rip, threw it to the under-prentice, who in slashing the seams, chanced to finde a Lowse,

and thereupon cried out, *I have found a Lowſe in the Princes doublet*; his Maſter hearing of it, bid the boy give it to him, that by eating thereof he might become of the Blood-Royal: The Journey-man hearing him ſay ſo, claimed likewiſe a ſhare, as being the perſon that ſhould have mended it; ſo that there roſe great contention among them which of them ſhould have the Lowſe: At laſt, to ſave the effuſion of blood, both of them chuſing rather to feed then to fight, it was agreed betwixt them to cut the Lowſe in two, and either of them to eat half, by which means they might both become of the Royal-Blood: The under-Prentice who had found the Lowſe, thought it hard meaſure that he ſhould have no ſhare amongſt them, but to live and die a poor Peaſant: at laſt caſting his eyes aſide on the *Shears*, he eſpyed them all ſtained with the blood of the *Lowſe* which had been ſhed in the dividing of her, wherefore licking the blood off with his tongue, he alſo became of the Royal-blood; ſo that by eating that which had ſucked the blood of the Prince, Taylors have ever ſince been of the Blood-Royal.

Of a Taylor.

A Taylor playing at cudgels, and having his legs well beaten, the company laughed heartily at him. Why laugh you Gentlemen? quoth the Taylor, *It is not my legs I stand upon when I get my living.*

Another of Taylors.

ONe commended Taylors much for their dexterity, saying, *they had their business at their fingers ends*; and I, said another, think them to be meer Woodcocks, *because they have both of them long bills.*

Another.

ONe said that a Taylors feet must needs stink, for when he was at his work they were always in his breech.

The Gentleman and Beggar.

A Beggar asked an Alms of a Gentleman, who gave him a Tester: The beggar thanked him, and said he would pray to God heartily for him; but the Gentleman bid him pray for his self, and not for him, for *he did not use to take any Alms usury.*

Another.

A Gentleman walking over Lincolns-Infields, was followed by a Beggar, and earneſtly importuned with the Terms of *Good your Honour, pray your Worſhip, ſweet Maſter beſtow ſomething on me:* He to try this Beggars humour, ſaid, that they uſed to call ſuch as gave them nothing, Rogues and Raſcals: No indeed, ſaid the Beggar, not I, I ſcorn to do it: Well ſaid the Gentleman, *Ile try ye for this once*; but the Beggar return'd him ſuch a peal in his ears, that he was glad to mend his pace to get out of the hearing of it.

The Loving Wife.

A Kinde wife followed her Husband to the Gallows; and being half way, he deſired her to trouble her ſelf no further, but to go home; to which ſhe anſwer'd: Yes, dear Husband, now I have ſee you thus far on your way, faith Ile ſee you hanged too before I will leave ye.

Of a Witch.

A Witch being condemned, and at the Stake to be burned, deſired her Son to fetch her ſome drink, telling him ſhe was exceed-

exceeding dry: O mother, said he, it is well you are so, you will burn the better for that a great deal.

The unbelieving Cuckold.

A Fellow looking out at a window, espyed his wife and another man very closely at it in lascivious embraces; and hearing her tell the man how dearly she loved him above all the men in the world, the Cuckold said aloud unto him, *Believe her not friend, for she hath told me as much a thousand times, and a thousand at the end of that, and yet I have still found her false.*

The Judge and his Tenant.

A Judge who bare great sway in the Countrey where he lived, was about a sumptuous building; for the bringing in of which materials, divers Countrey-men were requested, with their carts and horses: Amongst others, one that dwelt neer him went with his Cart and Horse. The Steward, as was the manner of the Countrey, had provided two Tables for their dinners, for those that came gratis special cheer, but for those that came for hire very ordinary. Being in the Hall, he in his Lords name invited them to sit down, telling them one

board was for them that came in love, the other for those who came for money. This Husbandman hearing how the business was order'd, sat down at neither; and being by the Steward asked why he did not place himself, the Hind replyed, *he saw no Table provided for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for very fear.*

Marrying a Scold worse than hanging.

A Duke being highly offended with his Slave, would have hanged him; but at last he bethought himself of a worser punishment, as he thought, saying, No, hanging is too mild a torment for him, I will plague him worse, *I'll marry him to a Scold.*

The Fool best liked.

A Young youth having been to see a Play, was asked when he came out of the Play-house, which amongst those brave fellows he liked best; the Youth said he liked the Fool best, because he made most mirth, and he could have wished with all his heart, that they had been all fools for his sake.

On

On disturbing the Players.

AT such time as the Rump began to bear sway, the Players were soon disturbed by the *Souldiers*, and had the thanks of the House for this their service, being not willing that any should play the fool but themselves. Amongst others, Alderman *A.*- moved in the House that the Souldiers might have the Players Cloaths for their pains: To which motion *Harry Martin* stood up, and told the speaker that he liked the Gentlemans motion very well, *but feared that they would fall out for the fools Coat.*

Of Harry Martin.

THis *Harry Martin* being condemned for the execrable murther of the King, was after sentence brought before the House of Lords, to shew cause why he should not suffer the Execution of that sentence; to which he returned answer, That he came in upon the Kings Proclamation, *and well hoped, that he should not suffer for that which he obeyed, having never observed any of the Kings, nor his Predecessors Proclamations before.*

A ſharp nip.

A Young Gallant in company was up with a great deal of fooliſh and prophane talk; to whom a Gentlewoman ſaid, How much is the world miſtaken in you, that reports you to be an unthrift, when you are ſo good a Husband, that you will not ſpend your wit and words at once?

A watchful Mayor.

A Mayor of *London* dyed the ſame day that he was ſworn; of whom one ſaid merrily, *He was a very vigilant Mayor, that never ſlept all the time of his Mayoralty.*

Of ſpeaking Latine

TWo Gentlemen were talking Latine in the company of a Gentlewoman, who being ſuſpitious that they ſpake of her, dered them to ſpeak in Engliſh, that ſhe might underſtand them, For I am perſwaded, ſaid ſhe, you are talking no good, becauſe I know when men ſpeak Latine, if it be but two words, one of them is naught: whereupon one of them ſaid preſently, *Bona Mulier:* To which ſhe ſaid, I know *Bona* is good, but I'll warrant ye *Mulier* ſignifies ſomething that is naught.

The

The riotous Gallant.

A Young Gallant new come to his means, rioted in a very high manner; his Mother blaming him for his unthriftiness, in a pelting chafe he said, Faith (Mother) taunt me so but once more, and for very spight I'll sell all the land and living I have. To whom his Mother answered, *If you sell it for six pence, you will be no looser by it, for it never cost you a groat.*

A witty Jest.

TWo Gentlemens Servants being drinking together chanced to fall out; and at last, amongst other discourse, fell to vying the Nobleness of their Masters; one of them saying, My Master spends more in Mustard then yours does in Beef. To whom the other replyed, *The more sawcy men his followers.*

A sharp retort.

AN ancient Knight of a Noble Family meeting with other Justices upon a Commission, one upstart Justice, the Son of an Husbandman, espy'd the Knights Sattin doublet out at the Elbows, and said unto him, Fie, Sir, what mean you to wear such a torn doublet? Go to sirrah (said the

the Knight) *you came ſo lately out of ſack-cloath, that you know not what Sattin means.*

The Lawyer and his man.

A Lawyer riding into the Country, had a man attending on him, who had been his ſervant neer a dozen years: Sir, ſaid he, I have been with you thus long, and yet am very ignorant in the chief matters of your Profeſſion, I pray reſolve me which is the chief point of the *Law*. To whom his Maſter ſaid, If you will pay for our ſupper to night, I will tell it you: To which the ſervant willingly yielded. Well then, ſaid his Maſter, *good witneſs is the chief point.* So at night when they came to their Inn, his Maſter was very liberal in calling for Wine, good cheer and Tobacco, inſomuch that the Reckoning at laſt amounted to thirty ſhillings; which the Maſter told the man, he was to pay: Not I, ſays his man. Wherefore? Why, did not you promiſe to do it, ſaid the *Lawyer*, if *I* would tell you the chiefeſt point in the *Law*, which *I* did? His man replyed, *Where's your witneſs?*

A fair woman, a Heavenly Creature.

A Gentleman riding by, where many Gentlewomen ſat at a ſtreet-door, a Maſtiff dog came running out, and flew upon him: The Gentleman turning him about, ſaid to the Gentlewomen, *This Cur is Hell, and all you Heaven.*

The upſtart Gentleman.

AN upſtart Gentleman, who by his mony had purchaſed a flouriſhing Coat of Arms, was mocking at the plain Coat of an Eſquires, of an ancient houſe: To whom the Eſquire returned this anſwer, *I wear the Coat which my great, great, great, great, Grandfather left me; but had I been to have bought one as you did, it ſhould have been guarded after the neweſt faſhion.*

Of a vain boaſter.

A Talkative man, who took himſelf to be a grand Wit, was boaſting that in what Company ſoever he came, he was the leader of the diſcourſe, and that none durſt ſpeak in his preſence, if he held his peace: *No marvail, ſaid one, for they are all ſtruck dumb at the miracle of your ſilence.*

Ano-

Another.

ANother fellow was boasting himself to be a great Wit, saying, he was adjudged to be all Wit: Is it possible, said one, that people do think you to be all Wit? If it be so, then the Anagram of your name is *Wit-All.*

A chast Gentleman.

A Gentleman had been to see the Peak, and in his return at night in his Inn, a Wench stept into the Chamber, and proffer'd him her service all night: To whom the Gentleman answer'd, No, *he would not enter the Peak twice in twelve hours.*

Nothing without money.

A Gentleman coming to Court in his Coach, as he was lighting out of it, asked a Page that retained to some person therein, what it was a Clock: Sir, said the youth, what will you give me then? Why said the Gentleman, must you have money given you to tell that? Sir (quoth the Lad) I would not have you mistake your self, *we Courtiers do nothing without money.*

The

The Traveller and Cobler.

A Conceited Traveller having his shoes torn, went to a Coblers to have them mended, to whom he used these expressions, God save you Master mend-all, I have brought you here a pair of *Cram-a-Crees*, beseeching you of your benevolence to fix me on four preservatives against the cold evil of the *Indies*. The Cobler thinking coyned Silver was better then such coyned Language, returned him this answer, Sir, your Eloquence passes my Intelligence; yet if you please, I will Cobble you on four pieces for six pence.

On Mr. *Prat.*

SOme Thieves had stolen Sheep from one Mr. *Prat*, and killed them in a Wood; at their departure they had written these lines, and fixed them in a Paper to the body of a Tree.

Master Prat,
Your Sheep were very fat.
We thank you for that.

Out of eleven
We took but seven,
Pray thank us for that.

Amongst

Amongst the Bryers and Thorns
We have left you the head and the horns,
Pray thank us for that.

The wool with the skins
To buy your wife pins,
I ray thank us for that.

Mr. *Prat* found the Verses, but could never after that hear of his Sheep.

On John Brown.

THere was a University-Capper in *Oxford*, named *John Brown*, who whilst he was ringing in one of the Belfries of the said City, the Clapper of the Bell fell upon his head, and almost kill'd him: An arch wag seeing this mischance, and conceiving it mortal, writ over the place where this mischance hapned, these lines:

Here lies John Brown *the University-Capper,*
That liv'd by the Bell, and dy'd by the Clapper.

But *John Brown* afterwards recovering, and seeing the Verses, writ this underneath.

John Brown *is alive, and liveth in hope*
To live by the Bell, when thou dy'st by the Rope.

The

The Gentleman and Musitian.

A Musitian to bid a Gentleman good morrow, was singing under his window;

The fair wife prov'd a Shrew.

The Gentleman hearing him, rose out of his bed, and said, The fair wife you speak of, you must look somewhere else, but the Shrew is abed with me.

The graceless Son.

ONe was complaining that no man ever had such an undutiful Son as he had. *Yes*, said his Son, (with less grace than truth) *my Grandfather had.*

The modest Captain.

A Captain going to visit a Knight, he before many Guests commended the Captain, for many wonderful acts, which he did at the Siege of St. *Quintins!* The company much admiring thereat, the Captain answer'd, that what the Knight said was not wonderful, for the Armour he then wore was as thick as betwixt *London* and St. *Quintins*. Why, said the Knight, were you not there then? No indeed, said the Captain.

No matter, quoth the Knight, *but if you had been there, I am ſure you would have done as much as you ſaid.*

Fool-hardineſs.

ONe having received a deep cut in the head, in a Fooliſh fray, went to a Chyrurgion to be dreſſed: Who ſearching to ſee if his brains were not periſhed, and not eaſily finding them; ſaid the wounded man, trouble not your ſelf to ſearch for my brains, for if I had had any, *I ſhould not ſo raſhly have enter'd in ſo an unluckie a brawl.*

Of Lent.

A Pariſh in the Weſt-Country called *Lent* happened to be on fire; one paſſing by and bemoaning the ſadneſs of the accident, asking what was the name of the Town; and being anſwered *Lent*; *Lent*? quoth he, I pray ye then in with Frydays and Saturdays too, that the Fire may conſume them all together.

Dreams Fables.

ONe told King *Henry* the eighth that he dreamed he would give him a bag of Gold; but, ſaid the King, you are no good Chriſtian if that you believe dreams to be true.

Put

Put always the Cart afore the Horse.

AN old man with a long white beard, being to take his Oath at a Tryal in *Law*, the Judge asked him how old he was; My *Lord*, said he, I am six and fourscore: And why not fourscore and six? said the Judge: *Because quoth he I was six before I was fourscore.*

Of an old man.

AN old man complained that he had but one tooth left in his head, which was fallen out lately with eating of a ripe Figg: to whom one said, *Ext your tooth was more ripe.*

A quick answer to a vain Boaster.

ONe boasted that there was not any one of his name in all *England*, and yet he himself was a Gentleman: To whom said one, I am sorry Sir you have such a name, *that there is not one good of it.*

Great bribes do great matters.

A Controversie in Law was at last referr'd to a Gentleman to decide, and both Parties bound to stand to his award; the Plaintiff, to win him to his side, presented him with a new Coach: And the Defendant to gain his favour gave him four brave

Horſes. The Gentleman liking the Horſes better than the Coach, gave the verdict on the Defendants ſide: Whereupon the Plaintiff asked him how it came to paſs the Coach went out of the right way: The Gentleman anſwered, he could not help it, *for it was the Horſes had drawn it ſo.*

Nothing like money.

A Poor man in a Rightful cauſe had ſued a rich man, ſo that at the laſt it came to a Tryal: The rich man knowing his cauſe bad, bribed the Judge with a dozen of Apoſtle ſpoons, which at the time of tryal almoſt turned the Scales on his ſide; the poor man perceiving how the watter went, down on his knees in the middle of the Court, and holding up his hands, ſaid; *Now the Lord Jeſus be on my ſide, or my cauſe is loſt, for the twelve Apoſtles are againſt me.*

The Serving-man and Mr. Jordan.

A Serving-man being ſent of an errand to one Mr. *Jordan*, to tell him that his Maſter would ſpeak with him, meeting him by the way, with more haſte than manners ſaid thus to him: Mr. *Piſs-pot, my Maſter muſt needs ſpeak with you preſently.* The Gentleman angry to be thus abuſed, ſaid, Sirrah

Sirrah do not you know that my name is *Jordan*? Why (quoth the Servingman) pray *what difference is there betwixt a Piss-pot and a Jordan*?

Of dying in Debt.

ONe that had often asked an old Debt, was still put off with words, that he would pay him ere it were long; which made him to say, I suppose at last you will die in my Debt; to which the other answer'd, *I have lived now this forty years, and am sure I never died in any ones Debt yet.*

Of telling a Lye.

ONe seeing his Friend looking out at a Prison-window, asked him why he came there: Who answered, that it was for telling a Lye: At which the other marvailing, he explained his meaning, saying, that owing such a one a sum of money, and not paying him at the time promised, he arrested me for the same, and put me in Prison, *by which means I am here for telling a Lye.*

Of a Calves head.

SOme Gentlemen being set at dinner, where amongst other dishes was a Calves-head, one of them was very much commending it: And amongst other good

Properties, for the clearneſs thereof; to which he was anſwered by one, that it was very clear indeed, yea ſo clear *that he might ee his own face therein.*

The Country-fellow and Ship.

A Countrey-fellow new come to *London* that had never ſeen a Ship in his life, coming to *Tower-wharf*; he there had the view of ſeveral; wondring what they ſhould be, he asked one of the Ship-boys what that great thing was called in which he was; who told him it was a Ship. Then asked he him how old it was; who anſwerd him, Two years old. Good *Lord*, ſaid the Country-man, but two years old? *what a great thing it will be by that time it comes to my age!*

The Drunkards cauſe of ſpewing.

SOme Gentlemen being a bowling a drunken fellow was got into the Green, whoſe *Stomach* being over-charged, he fell a ſpewing before them all; for which one of the Gentlemen blaming him, Marry (ſaid he) *it would make any man ſpew to ſee how you bowl.*

Of

Of greedy eating.

A Fellow being sent of an errand to a Countrey-Gentlemans house, had Victuals set before him, on which he fell so greedily, as made the Gentleman to stand and admire at his teeth and stomach-exploits and therefore in a kinde of Ironical speech he spake unto him, and bid him to eat heartily. I thank you Sir, said the fellow, so I do, I think I eat like a man. Nay, quoth the Gentleman, that thou doest not, for I never saw a man to eat so before, *I think thou doest rather eat like a Beast.*

Woodcock *and* Swallow.

TWo Gentlemen were bowling together, whereof the one was named *Woodcock*, the other *Swallow*. Mr. *Swallow* having thrown a good cast, was boasting thereof: To whom the other said, *It is not one* Swallow *that makes a Summer.* No, said *Swallow* to him again, *neither is it one* Woodcock *that makes a winter.*

The Gentleman and Mare.

A Clowniſh Gentleman had ſo far prevailed upon the affections of a Gentlemans Daughter, that the Marriage was agreed upon; but he beſides the Portion promiſed, would have into the Bargain a goodly Mare which was grazing in a Paſture before the houſe; and ſo high he ſtood thereon, that upon the refuſal thereof he told the Gentleman, that if he had not the Mare, he would have none of his Daughter; upon which the Marriage was quite broken off. About a twelve-month after, this penurious wooer chanced to meet the Gentlewoman at a Market, and would needs have renewed old acquaintance with her: But ſhe pretending ignorance, told him that ſhe did not know him. No, ſaid he, do not you know me? why I was once a Suiter to you. O cry you mercy, ſaid ſhe, I think there was once ſuch a Gentleman *a ſuiter to my Fathers Mare, but I aſſure you never any ſuch a one a ſuiter to me.*

Of

Of picking a bone.

SOme variance happening betwixt a Gentleman and his Wife, she refused to sit down to dinner with him: Whereupon to affront her, having eaten the meat off a bone, he sent it to her by a Servant, bidding him to tell her, that *there was a bone for her to pick*: To requite this frump, she sent him word back again by the same Servant, that she had three Children since they were married together, whereof one of them was none of his; and bid him to tell him, *that that was a bone for him to pick.*

The Gentleman and Butcher.

A Company being at Bowls, of which one was a Butcher and a Fantasticalg allant, in their play they chanced to fall out, so that the Gallant up with a Bowl, and struck the Butcher such a blow on his head, as laid him shaking of his heels: Whereupon one of the standers by said, I have seen many a Butcher knock down a Calf, *but I never before saw a Calf knock down a Butcher.*

The Maſter and Maid.

A Maſter was once had before a Juſtice of the Peace for getting his Maid with Childe; the Maſter pleaded that his Maid came into the bed to him: Why then, ſaid the Juſtice, you ſhould have gone out of the Bed from her. *Yea* (ſaid the Maſter) *would you have done ſo, if a handſome Maid had come to Bed to you? no I'll warrant ye.*

Another.

ANother Maid (who lay at her Maſters Beds feet) was by him gotten with Childe; whereupon her Miſtriſs rated her ſoundly: The Wench to excuſe her ſelf, ſaid, That her Maſter would do it: But then (quoth the Miſtreſs) you ſhould have cryed out. Why (replyed the Wench) I *have often heard my Maſter and you about the ſame buſineſs, and I never heard you for to cry out.*

An illiterate Church-warden.

ONe of great wealth, but no learning at all, was by the Veſtry choſen Church-warden of the Pariſh; he to excuſe himſelf as being an illiterate man, deſired them they would excuſe him therein, For (ſaid he)

e) that Office requires a learned man, hen I proteſt *that I can write nor read no more than the Pope of* Rome.

Of Maſtery 'twixt man and wife.

A *Man* and his wife were ſtriving for maſtery, or as we ſay, who ſhould wear the Breeches; when in the interim one knocks t the door, which occaſioned a ceſſation of lows for a time: Whilſt the goodman ſteps o the door, and aſked the party who he would ſpeak withal? who told him, The Maſter of the houſe: Stay friend, ſaid the oodman, but a little while, and I ſhall reolve thee, for as yet the caſe is doubtful; nd ſo ſtepping in, his wife and he went to it gain, till at laſt ſhe yielded him the Victory; hich being obtained, he goes again to the oor, Now friend, ſaid he, thou muſt ſpeak ith me, *but I could not tell thee ſo much before, till my wife and I had decided the converſie.*

A Bull.

A Tradeſman having accidentally ſtruck his wife a blow, whereof ſhe dyed; ne being told of it, ſaid, That being he did ot do it willingly, *the killing of that woman ould be found but Man-ſlaughter.*

A tale of a pack of Cards.

A Preciſe Gentleman kept a Servant that was a great player at Cards, who was complained thereof to his Maſter by one of his fellow-Servants. The Gentleman, who would nôt endure ſuch wickedneſs as he thought to raign in his Family, had his man in examination, charging him very deeply for a great Gameſter: Sir, ſaid the Servant, I am ſo far from being a Player at Cards, that I know not what a pair of Cards means. No, ſaid the Gentleman to the tell-tale, did not you ſay he was a great player at Cards? Yes and pleaſe your Worſhip, quoth he, he is ſo, and ſo addicted to them, that he ſeldome goes without a pair in his pocket. Upon theſe words the Gentleman commanded his pockets to be ſearched, wherein was a pair found indeed. What is this? ſaid the Gentleman, did not you ſay you knew not Cards? then pray what things are theſe? O that, quoth the man, is my Almanack, which I carry continually about with me. Pray, ſaid the Gentleman, make it appear how theſe Cards can be an Almanack. Why thus Sir, ſaid the man; there are in theſe things you call Cards, as many ſuits as there are

Quarters

Quarrers in the Year, as many Cards as there are Weeks in the Year, as many Court-cards as there are Months in the Year. and as many Spots as there are days in the Year. And is this, said the Gentleman, all the use that you make of them? No, quoth the Servant, I have more uses of them than these; for when I look upon the King, it puts me in minde of the Allegiance that I owe to my Soveraign Lord the King; looking upon the Queen, puts me in minde of the like Allegiance that I owe to the Queen; the Ten, puts me in minde of the Ten Commandements; the Nine, of the nine *Muses*; the Eight of the eight Altitudes; the *Seven*, of the seven liberal Sciences; the *Six*, of the six days that we ought to labour in; the Five, of the five sences; the Four, of the four Evangelists; the Three, of the Trinity; the Two, of the two *Sacraments*; and the Ace, that we ought to worship but one God. Why said the Gentleman, if this be all the use that you make of them, I can finde no great fault with you; but of all the Cards that you have named, you have forgotten one, you have not remembred the Knave, pray what use do you make of him? O, said the Servant smiling, *that and it plea'e you is your worships informer.*

A real truth.

A Covetous Parſon had married his Daughter to an ingenious Tradeſman, promiſing a great portion with her, which he was very ſlack in performing: Whereupon the Tradeſman one day put him in minde of his promiſe: The Parſon inſtead of anſwering his deſires, asked him, if he knew *what it was to have a Miniſter to his Father-in-law*? Yea, ſaid the Tradeſman, I do now to my coſt, but could I have foreſeen what is come to paſs, *I would never have known it ſo feelingly as now I do.*

Of a Taylor.

ONe ſaid that a Taylor was four times made; firſt, ſaid he, God makes him a man: Secondly, his *Maſter* makes him a workman: Thirdly, the Devil makes him a Thief: And fourthly, his Wife makes him a Cuckold.

The end crowns all.

ONe having read *Finis* at the latter end of a very ſimple fooliſh Book, with his pen wrot underneath:

—*Nay, there thou ly'ſt my friend,*
Of writing fooliſh Books there is no end.

Idem.

Idem.

ANother obſerving *Finis* to be ſet at the latter end of every Book and Pamphlet that he ſaw, ſaid, I think this *Finis* makes more Books and Ballads, than any Author beſides in the whole world.

FINIS.

POOR ROBIN's

JESTS:

OR,

The Compleat JESTER.

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A Collection of ſeveral Jeſts not heretofore publiſhed.

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To the READER,

Gentlemen:

HEre is more work for you for theſe Winter-nights, to read and laugh: but do not laugh before you read them; for then you mar all, by making people think they have more worth then you finde in them. I know no reaſon why theſe Jeſts may not reliſh as well as a Pipe of Tobacco: yet do not take Tobacco when you read them; for then you ſpoil one thing for another. Above all things, let me adviſe you not to read them in an Ale-houſe; for mine Hoſt will curſe, and ſwear that theſe Jeſts hinder drinking, and therefore wiſh that the Author had been hang'd; for which I wiſh him no other Curſe, then to wear a bulls feather on his head, but that I

fear I wish it too late. If after the read
ing them you swear by *Yea and* Nay that
they are very good, you will make my
Worship to smile thereat: if you say
otherwise, yet we will not fall out, to
have a Suit of Law arise thereupon
for of all persons whatsoever, I desire
not the Lawyers should finger any o
my money.

If there be any truth in predictions
as the Astrologers say there is, *Venus*
being in the Horoscope, and well posi
ted in the Cusp of *Gemini*, says the
Jests will live: for though most peopl
do cry out upon Astrologie, that it is
lying Art, yet their position may b
false, since every Maxime is not tru
which is so received, seeing a Taylo
may wear *Vulcan's* Crest, contrary t
that Maxime, *That he must be a ma*
that is a Cuckold.

I was in the minde once to have mad
a Dedication to this Book, if I coul
have found a Patron, sutable to it: bu
I consider'd with my self, that if

shoul

ſhould dedicate theſe Jeſts to a wiſe man, they were too lowe for him; if to a Fool, they were too high for him: if to a rich man, he would pretend he had no leaſure to read them; if to a poor man, he had no money to reward the Author. So that knowing not how to pleaſe any one, but by diſpleaſing my ſelf, I thought I might as good let it alone.

All that I ſhall requeſt of the Reader, is, not to light his ſtinking Tobacco with my Book; rather let it march to the Grocers or Cooks, to binde up Raiſins, or to be put under Chriſtmas-Pies, & then I am certain there will be a ſweet Concluſion of it: with which requeſt I ſhall conclude my Epiſtle, reſting

Very much at eaſe,
when in my bed.

P. R.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Gentlemen:

I Am informed that ſome-body (I know not who) doth intend (I know not when) to ſet forth a Book (of I know not what) under the name and title of Poor Robin, *like a Jade with a Ribband in his foretop to make him ſeem the better: therefore leſt I ſhould ſtill be abuſed by every idle ſcribling* Clark, *and be forced to take up the old Citie-cuſtom, to father a Childe of another mans begetting, I intend (when the Bantling comes abroad) to ſteep my Pen in* Vineger *and* Gall, *and give the Author ſuch a* Broad-ſide, *that never was* Tidbury-*Bull ſo baited as he ſhall be. And let him ſay I have done fairly, and like a Gentleman, to give him warning thereof beforehand.*

John

John Taylor the Water-Poet, to his friend the Author.

FRiend, thou haſt wak'd me from my ſleep,
Wherein I lay full three-foot-deep;
Hearing the noiſe o'th' women balling
At the Exchange, on thy book calling;
That if I am not a miſtaker,
'Twas heard to th' middle of Long Aker
And that with truth I may not dally,
Neer Globe Tavern in Phœnix-Ally,
Where formerly I kept an Ale-houſe,
And entertain'd honeſt good fellows;
And once thou know'ſt it was thy lot too
For to drink there with me a Pot too,
And ſmoke a Pipe or two of Fogo,
Which gave to our diſcourſe a Hogo.
Rebellion then thou knowſt was Rampant;
(For Loyalty, the Rogues did ſtamp on't)
We could not ſpeak our mindes with freedom,
They plagu'd us ſo, the devil ſpeed 'um:
Both Cromwel, Bradſhaw, *and their fellows,*
I wiſht them hang'd under the Gallows.
Now for the love that then I bore thee,
Thou ſeeſt that I am come before thee,
With Pen in one hand, th' other Paper,
In rambling Verſe to cut a Caper,
Of this thy Book in commendation,
Which ſhall be famous through the Nation:

For

For why, I'll ſay, This thy brains birth
Hath quite put down my Wit and Mirth:
It exceeds Scoggin, Archee, Tarlton.
As doth true Princeſs Madam Carlton.
Nor is my laſt opinion worſt;
This ſecond part exceeds the Firſt
Who ſpeaks againſt it, is a Rayler;
Witneſs my Hand, honeſt

John Taylor.

Martin Parker, in Commendation of this Book.

WHen I did live (the time's not yet forgot)
Of War or Plundering, we then knew not;
The Drum & Trumpet were to us meer ſtrangers;
From Venus, *more then* Mars, *we feared dangers:*
Our happie times produc'd no ſuch diſaſters,
Servants to rule, and murther their own Maſters:
We ſafely ſat and tipled down our Liquor,
Making both brains & and pens to run the quicker.
We ſpent our times in telling merry Tales
Of France, Spain, England, Italy *&* Wales.
And now I hope the time's again revived,
And that good harmleſs mirth will be long lived,
Such as thy Book contains, which hath in it
(If I may judge) the quinteſſence of Wit.
Who it diſpraiſes, is a Curriſh Barker;
And ſhall be counted ſo by

Martin Parker.

POOR

POOR ROBIN'S JESTS: OR, The Compleat Jester.

The Second Part.

The Countrey-man that broke his neck.

A Countrey-man being lopping of a tree, fell down and brake his neck his Wife thereupon ran crying to her Neighbors, telling them that her Husband had broke his Neck lopping of a tree; but (said she) since it is no better it is well it is no worse, *For he might have cut himself with the Hatchet.*

This was a Wife was wondrous kind indeed,
Would not endure to see her Husband bleed;
Of this her act a man may judge the same,
She'd rather see him dead, than see him slain.

A right Cockney.

A Citizen riding with his wife to see the Countrey, they chanc'd to come to a place where a Gardiner had hung up some Moles, or Wants, upon the twigs of a tree, which she spying, Good Lord Husband, said she, what brave living it is in the Countrey; over it is in the City, where we have no such brave things growing as these! for look yonder Husband *is a Black-pudding Tree.*

Some Cockneys are so dull, they do not know
If Corn on trees or on the ground doth grow:
Such we may judge this Cits wife for to be,
That took hang'd Moles for a black-pudding tree

The fellow and the Miller.

A Fellow going by a Wind-mill, where the Miller was looking out at a hole, he called to him, and asked him what they called that thing that he was in? The Miller told him that it was a Mill: O cry you mercy, said the fellow, *truly I took it for a Jayl, because I saw a Thief look out of it.*

The man for his judgment might be praised still,
He not mistook the Man, although the Mill;
For why the proverb is as true as brief,
Small difference is betwixt a Miller and Thief.

An

An ignorant Constable.

Wo Gentlemen who lived at *Stepney*, going homewards over *Moor-fields* a- t eleven a clock at night, were ſtaid by impertinent Conſtable with many frivo- s queſtions: more behalf to ſhew his office n his wit; one whereof was, *If they were afraid to go home at that time of the night?* ey replying, No: Well, ſaid he, I ſhall you paſs at this time: but if you ſhould be ck on the head before you get home, you not but report *that there was a good Watch t in Moor-fields.*

his Conſtable was ſure a man of war.
nd well might have became Jack Adams *Coat,*
t ſuch wiſe Officers who can but laugh,
hat ſcarce have ſo much wit as have their ſtaff

A light Wench.

A Wench whoſe honeſty was juſtly had in ſuſpition, going to ſtep into a Boat, ll into the water, ſome people on the nk beholding it, called to the Water- en to help her, or ſhe would be drowned, whom one of the watermen replyed, *They d not fear ſhe would be drowned, for ſhe*

was ſo light, ſhe could never ſink.

This Water-man (a man may lay his life)
Was himſelf troubled with a light-hee
Wife;
Which made him be of ſuch a crabbed mind
To think all Women of the ſelf-ſame kind.

On a Croſs.

TWo Gentlemen walking in the ſtr
(during the late time of Rebellio
they ſaw the Sign of the *Golden-Croſs*; o
of them proffer'd to lay a wager with t
other, That he would make the Maſter
the Shop to pull down his Sign: The Wag
being laid, he pulls off his Hat, and dr
half a dozen legs to the Sign; firſt on one ſi
and then on the other, which the Maſter
the ſhop ſeeing, thinking to prevent his futu
ſuperſtition, ſuddenly pulled down h
ſign, whereby the Gentleman won h
wager.

When as blind zeal, joyn'd with rebellio
power,
All Croſſes did as Popery devour;
A man durſt ſcarce a Sack on's Horſe cro
lay,
Leſt it as Popiſh, might be took away.

The hot Spaniard.

A Spaniard going to a Female-house at *Antwerp*, was asked by a friend whether he went? who answered that he went *to practice on a Sinner, in the Act of Charity.*

The Spaniards lust was grown to such a flame,
He needs must have a wench, to quench the same;
But who are so much given to follow smocks,
Their hot lust oft is fired with a P——.

The Death of Money.

TWo men being talking together of the decay of Trade, how it was now little worth; Alas (said one) how should it be mended, considering that Money is dead? Marry quoth the other if that be the cause, *I wish the Devil had be that killed it.*

Oftentimes by men have heard it sed,
In their discourse, how that the Devil's dead,
But sure that speech they better might contrive,
That Money's dead, the Devil is alive.

The Thief's destiny.

A Felon being tryed for his life before a Judge, alledged for himself, That he could not avoid it because it was his de-

ſtiny that he ſhould ſteal: Marry then ſ
the Judge, I muſt tell ye alſo. *That it is y*
deſtiny to be hang'd.

If deſtiny ſuch power of men have, ſo
To force them to do things where they will n
I'le truſt Aſtrologers, *and loudly cry,*
Marrying and hanging goes by deſtiny.

The Gentleman and Horſe of Gold.

A Gentleman asked a Farmer to lend h
a Horſe; who told him if he had a Ho
of Gold he ſhould have him: the next mo
ing the Gentleman went booted and ſpur'
the Farmers to demand the Horſe: but
Farmer told him, *If he had had a Horſe of g*
he would lend it him, but a Horſe of fleſh he wo
lend him none, becauſe he knew he would
him off his legs.

The Farmer thus the Gallant quite
witted,
Who for rank-riding here is finely fitted,
Had he been wiſe he might have learn'
Book,
That many times rank-riders are o'retook.

The Gentlewoman and Flea.

A Fair Gentlewoman caught a Flea upon the belly-piece of her Kirtle at Christmas time, and said, Why how now Flea, what bold in the time of winter? her Suiter standing by, answered her and said, *That it was always Summer thereabouts.*

This Suiter was a smell-smock sure I guess,
No doubt he envied the Fleas happiness;
And wisht himself a Flea to be so nigh,
Though for the same he certain were to die.

Of an ill Name.

ONe was perswaded to hang a Dog of his which had done some mischief: to whom he replyed, that he was very loath to hang him, *but he would go among his Neighbors and give him an ill Name, which was as bad.*

The Proverb says (I oft have heard the same)
That he half hanged is that hath a bad Name:
Then for the Dogs first fault, sufficient 'twas,
That by a bad Name he half hanged was.

On Nan Holland.

ONe who had married a Wife whoſe Name was *Nan Holland*, and bedded her, the next morning early he called for a Pot of Beer, ſaying, he was very dry, he had been a great journey that night, *for he had been in the midſt of* Holland.

This fellow ſure had an ingenious wit,
He did upon her Mark ſo rightly hit,
But certainly it would have griev'd him ſore,
Had one been in her Low-Countreys *before.*

A Riddle.

A Blind man, a lame man, and a naked man went forth into the fields to catch a Hare, the blind man firſt ſaw her, the lame man ran and catch'd her, and the naked man put her into his pocket.

Lame, blind, and naked for to do ſuch things,
Is paſt belief, but tatling fame hath wings,
And flyes abroad with each report ſhe hears;
To furniſh them with News, have liſtning ears.

The

The contented Shepherd.

A Gentleman travelling in a misty morning, asked of a shepherd what weather it would be, *It will be* (saith the shepherd) *what weather shall please me.* And being requested to explain his meaning; *Sir* (saith he) *it shall be what weather pleaseth heaven, and what weather pleaseth heaven, pleaseth me.*

Thrice happy are such Countrey harmless swains,
Whose work is health, their meat and drink their gains;
In their own Cottage rule like to a King,
Submit their wills to Heaven in every thing.

The curst husband that would beat his Wife.

A Curst Husband threatned to beat his Wife with his dagger; to whom one answered, *If that you do beat her with your* dagger, *then she will beat you with her* sheath.

When men and wives do fall to brawl and wrangle,
The Husband never getteth by such jangle,
For though he be above, and she be under,
She'l make his heart to ake, or 'tis a wonder.

The uncivil Civil Lawyer.

AN extravagant Proctor talking unseemly words before a Gentlewoman she asked him of what profession he was of? Madam (said he) I am a Civil Lawyer. O lack Sir, said she then, *if Civil Lawyers are such bawdy people, I wonder what other Lawyers are?*

A Civil Lawyer! 'twas uncivil talk,
To let his tongue at randome so to walk;
More fitting for a Hectoring *blade to use,*
When o're the Whores he domineers i'th' Stews.

On a very thick Woman.

ONe seeing an exceeding great thick Woman, said thus, *If this Womans legs had not come forth, sure she would have been a monster in the breech.*

If all that is, was not, strange things would be,
Few are contented with what is, we see:
No question if this woman had been small,
Then they would her a slender Housewife call.

The Judge and Felon.

AN impudent Felon, who had many Indictments brought against him, the Judge

Judge seeing his Case so foul, said unto him, *Sirrah, if you be not hang'd, I'le be hang'd for you:* to whom the Felon replyed, *I thank your Honour for your kind offer; and I beseech you not to be out of the way, for I doubt I shall have occasion suddenly to use you.*

This was a Rogue in grain to make a jeer
Of that which did concern his life so neer;
And for his impudence, deserv'd to wear
A riding knot an inch below his ear.

Another.

ANother Felon who was brought to the Bar for slighter villanies, yet his Adversary endeavored to hang him; the Felon (it being the first fault) had the benefit of the Clergy, and to provide himself (being illiterate) had learn'd his Latin Neck-verse by heart in the prison; but when he should come to read, there was none but an English Bill could be found, wherefore he was commanded to read in that, which was all one to him Latine or English, for he could say nothing but what he had learned by heart before, which his Adversary minding, spake to the Judge and said, *Your Honour may perceive that he can not read at all, for he pronounces Latine wh-*

he

the Bible is Engliſh: but my Lord being willing to ſave the Thief, told him, *That he judged him to be the better Scholar for that, which could on ſuch a ſudden turn Engliſh into Latine.*

This Judge was merciful, or I ſuppoſe
The Felon muſt have took the Hang-mans doſe:
Though he could nothing read then at his need,
The Judge ſo read his Cauſe as he was freed

Of a Seaman.

A Seaman riding down into the Countrey, his horſe often ſtumbled with him, and threw him over his head: wherefore he having a Hawking-bag by his ſide, alighting, filled it full of ſtones, and tyed it to his Horſes tayl, a Gentleman meeting him, asked him the reaſon why he did ſo? to whom he replied, *That his horſe ran too much a head.*

This Sayler you may guеſs did underſtand
More of Sea-matters than he did of Land,
For why? his Judgement mightily did trip,
To think a Horſe was guided like a Ship.

Another

Another.

ANother Sailer being mounted on a tired Horſe, he cried out, *That he was becalmed.*

The Proverb ſays, he that to Rome *will go,*
Muſt do the ſame as People at Rome *do,*
All Saylers then by this may underſtand,
To ſhun Sea-phraſes when they are on Land.

The Felon and his Wedge of Gold.

A Felon in Travelling was money-leſs and hungry; wherefore to ſupply his belly, he ſet his wit on work: comirg by a Knights houſe about dinner-time, he knocks at the Gate and enquires for the Steward, who coming to him, he asks him if his Maſter would buy a Wedge of Gold of a foot and half long? The Steward imagining he had ſuch a one about him to ſell, invites him in, and tells his Maſter of it, the Knight hearing of ſuch a Prize, bids his Steward to make much of him and feaſt him of the beſt: after Dinner the Knight ſent for him into his Parlour, and asked him if he would ſpeak with him? Yes, ſaid the fellow, I came to know if you would buy a Wedge of Gold of a foot and a half long?

the

the Knight told him, Yes, he cared not if he did, Then ſaid the Fellow, Now that I know your mind, *If I find one of that length, I will bring it unto you.*

A Knight and's Steward to be thus outwitted!
The Fellow with a ſly Jeſt them well fitted,
They thought by a meals meat much for to ſave,
But Proverb ſays, All covet, nothing have.

The Committee-man and his Son.

A Committee-man that lived at *Saffron-Walden* in *Eſſex*, had a Son a very ſhallow-pated paper-skull'd Fellow, who commonly followed him where-ever he went: a Gentleman of the Town obſerving it, ſaid, this Committee-man takes as much ſtate upon him as if he were a Nobleman, *for he never goes abroad without his fool at his heels.*

A Rump-committee, and a fool to's Son,
Surely the Father was not ſuch a one,
Could they themſelves from juſt cenſures ſave,
But they might ſay, There goes both Fool and Knave.

The

The wise Alderman.

IN the same Town, during the times of Rebellion, several Aldermen were put out of their places, as being too loyal for those times, amongst others that were chosen into their rooms, one was a Malster of the Town, an illiterate fellow, who being to set his hand to a Writing of some Concern amongst them, told them that he could not write, and therein he should become a President to them all, but he hoped e're long to learn to read, *for his Wife had taught him most part of the Horn-Book already.*

This was an Instrument fit to advance
The Rebels interest by his ignorance,
For he with others could cry up the Cause,
Cry down the King, and Fundamental Laws.

A Conjuring Tale.

AT such time when Perriwigs were as scarce as Money is now amongst poor men, a Gentleman who had lost his hair by a fit of Sickness, was forced with the first to make use of one of them, It happened that he and his Boy that attended on him as riding down into the Countrey, there fell such a showre of rain, which continued so long,

long, as neceſſitared them to take up their Lodging at a paltry Alehouſe in a Countrey Village, where ſeeing the Weather to prove ſo bad, he was reſolv'd to lie for that night, after ſome ſhort commons, which went by the Name of a ſupper, the Gentleman was conducted to his lodging-Chamber, which was hung with Cobwebs inſtead of Cloath of Arras, his Boy alſo was ſhewn to another Chamber, ſomething inferior you may be ſure to that of his Maſters, which was alſo richly hang'd with ſpiders Tapeſtry, whilſt the Gentleman was making himſelf unready, the Maid peeped in at a hole under the door (which was made for the Cat to go out and in) that when he was a bed, ſhe might fetch away the Candle. Having undreſt himſelf, he pulls off his Perriwig, and ſets it upon a ſtool by him, which the Maid perceiving, verily imagined that he had pulled off his head, and ſo conceited ſhe was of it, that ſhe ran down to her Dame, telling her, that the Gentleman who lodged there, was no other than an arrant Conjurer, for ſhe ſaw him with her own eyes to pull off his head and ſet it upon the ſtool by him, and if ſhe doubted any thing of the truth thereof, if ſhe would go up ſhe might ſee it ſtanding there at that preſent,

preſent. Her Dame, though ſomething a Nullifidian of what ſhe heard, yet to ſatisfie her maids curioſity, went up, where peeping likewiſe in at the hole, and ſeeing it upon the ſtool, ſhe was then of the ſame opinion with her maid; and ſo fearful they were both thereof, that neither of them durſt fetch the Candle, but the Gentleman was forced to put it out himſelf. That night was ſpent in a great deal of fear, they judging that bad weather to proceed from the Conjurer, and expecting yet worſe: but when in the morning they ſaw all fair, and a ſerene ſky, they changed their opinion, and that though he was a Conjurer, yet that now he would do no more harm: Whilſt they were now entered into this good opinion of him, one of her Neighbors came in, who had loſt a Horſe, whom he judged to be ſtole, for which he made a great complaint: Hold your peace, ſaid ſhe, I can tell you a way which I warrant you will fetch your Horſe again: We have a Conjurer that is now lodged in our houſe, who for half a dozen of Beer, I queſtion not but will do your buſineſs: and therewithal ſhe went up to the Gentleman, acquainting him with her Neighbors loſs, and deſiring his aſſiſtance for the gaining

him agen; for (ſaid ſhe) I know you have skill in the *black Art*, my Maid and I ſeeing your head laſt night upon the ſtool, when as the reſt of your body was gone to bed. The Gentleman perceiving her folly in her grand miſtake, and willing to have ſome mirth after his wet journey, told her, That for her ſake he would do his beſt endeavour for her Neighbor; and that when he was ready, he would raiſe a *Spirit* which ſhould quickly tell him where the Horſe was. The Woman over-joyed at theſe words, ran down and told her Neighbour that he ſhould have his Horſe agen within an hour, and that if he would ſtay ſo long, he ſhould ſee him come galloping to him agen in a full Carriere: This News pleaſed the fellow ſo well, that he reſolved to ſtay. In the mean time the Gentleman was conſulting with himſelf how to bring his purpoſe the beſt way to effect; in order thereto, he told his Boy that he muſt act the part of a Devil; and to perſonate him the better, Whilſt I am gone down (ſaid he) to ſpeak with them about the buſineſs, do you turn your Coat the wrong-ſide outwards, and creep under the bed, where you muſt lie till I ſpeak theſe words, *Elhavareuna, Phonſonbonchya, Heydonieus Towronus Dungeuni Keptoribus*;

Keptoribus; then do you come forth from under the bed, and make as hideous a noise with your mouth as you can possible. The Boy promised to do as he bad him: and when his Master was gone down, he went about his business; but remembring with himself, that in the Chamber where he lodged, there lay a raw Bulls-hide left there by some Butcher, thought that would personate the Devil far better than his Coat; and thereupon he suddenly fetched it, and wrapped himself therein, with the Horns appearing just over his head; which having done, he crope under the bed, expecting the event: Soon after he was fixt, came up his Master, the Dame, the Maid, and the Fellow that had lost his Horse; when the Gentleman having a Chalk-stone in his hand, marked them every one out a Circle; then placing them therein, he bid them not to stir out of them whatsoever they saw: so pulling a Book out of his pocket, he began to read some hard uncouth names, and at last came to those words, *Elhavarenna*, &c. when the Boy made his appearance from under the bed, with a great pair of Horns and a bellowing noise: His Master, who knew not of his Boys new invention for acting the Devil, seeing such a hideous

thing to appear, thought it had been th
Devil indeed, who had come to have punish
him for undertaking to Conjure, and there
upon he ran as fast as he could drive, ma
king but one step from the top of the stai
to the bottom: The Woman and the Ma
seeing the Gentleman to run, thought like
wise the Devil was come to fetch them fo
being Spectators, and thereupon ran as fa
as he, tumbling down the stairs one upo
the neck of another: The Boy seeing the
all to run in such disorder, thought al
that the Devil was indeed come for him fo
acting his part, and therefore he began t
throw off his Coverture; but he had be
fore so fastened it unto him, that seeing h
could not pull it off, he ran with it on
when coming to the top of the stairs, th
Hide so wrapped about his Legs, as threw
him from the top to the bottom among
them, when they hearing the Horns t
make a clattering, so shrieked and bellowe
as if the Devil had been amongst them i
deed. Sad was the effects of this their Con
juring: one had his Nose broke, another h
Shin, some hurt their Elbows, some the
Thighs, and others their Backs, the Gentle
man lost his Perriwig, the Women fell wit
their heels upwards, and to conclude, no
an

ny one of them ſped ſo well, but he had more occaſion for a Surgeon than a Con-urer.

This was a merry Devil plaid this prank,
Although his Maſter gave him little thank:
Well may we judge the times muſt needs be evil,
When as that Boys begin to play the Devil.

The Citizen and his Son.

A Grave Citizen and his prodigal Son riding into the Countrey, the old man ent with his Cloak notwithſtanding it was fair morning, but the young Gallant rid ithout either Cloak or Coat, in his open eeves and half-ſhirt; when they had ridden about ten miles, being far from any ouſe, it fell on raining ſo faſt, that the oung Gallant look'd like a drench'd Mouſe, iſhing he had brought his Cloak along with im: Son, ſaid the old-man, have I not ften told you of this, *That you ſhould always in fair weather provide afore-hand for a iny-day?*

The Proverb ſays, (if thou doſt Proverbs weigh)
'Tis good to ſave againſt a rainy day;

This Gentleman now by experience knew,
Though Proverbs ſlighted are, they oft prove true.

The Father and his unhappy Son.

A Boy asked his Father, if that might be true which one man ſaid? His Father anſwered, No; for one man might be miſtaken: Then asked he him, if that might not be true which two or three reported? His Father ſaid, No: for two or three might be miſtaken as well as one: but ſaid his ſon, Is not that true which all men ſay? his Father told him Yes, that muſt needs be true; Then ſaid the boy, *Father, you are a Cuckold; for all that ever I heard ſpeak, do ſay ſo.*

What one man doth report a lie may be,
And ſo it may being told by two or three;
But what is voic'd about by general fame,
There are few men but will believe the ſame.

The Countrey-fellow and the Judge.

A Countrey-Fellow was Subpœna'd for a Witneſs upon a Tryal of an Action of Defamation, at a Quarter-Seſſions holden in the Countrey: he being ſworn, the Judge bid him to ſay the very ſame words that he hear

heard ſpoken; the Fellow was loath to ſpeak, and hum'd and haw'd for a good ſpace; but being urged by the Judge, he at laſt ſpake, *My Lord, ſaid he, you are a Rogue*: The Judge ſeeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bid him to ſpeak to the Jewry, *for there was twelve of them.*

The fellow ſaid the truth, though he miſplac'd it,
For which my Lord, with other perſons grac'd it:
Thus oft-times taunts to one another go,
As doth a Ball that's toſſed to and fro.

The Barbers Boy and Butcher.

A Barbers boy paſſing through the Shambles, fell to ſnapping his fingers, ſaying, they were all Cuckolds that could not do ſo: a Butcher hearing him, went to try to ſnap his fingers, but being greazy they would not do, wherefore he went and waſh'd them, and then came out ſnapping of them as the Boy had done: to whom the boy ſaid, O *Gaffer, 'tis too late now, you ſhould have done ſo before.*

This was an arch young wag, whoſe wits were mellow,
To prove the Butcher a horn-pated fellow:
If all can ſnap their fingers miſs that fate,
Few Barbers would drink in Bulls-feather-Plate.

The Caſe is altered, quoth Ployden, *how that proverb firſt came up.*

MR. *Ployden*, the famous Lawyer, living in the Countrey, kept a great many Hogs, which lay very much in one of his Neighbors grounds, and did him a great deal of hurt; the man being thus perplexed with them, drove them into his yard, and went to Mr. *Ployden*, telling him that one of his Neighbours Hogs had done him a great deal of hurt, and that now he had them in his yard, deſiring his advice what he had beſt to do with them: Marry, ſaid Mr. *Ployden*, put them in the Pound, and make him pay ſoundly for the harms before he have them again. I ſhall do as you bid me, ſaid the fellow, for to tell you the truth they are your own Hogs. Nay then, ſaid Mr. *Ployden*, *the Caſe is altered*, you muſt firſt go to your Neighbor and give him warning, and if he then will not keep them out

out of your Grounds, you may pound them if you pleaſe.

Thus to our ſelves we partial Judges be,
And faults in others, not our ſelves can ſee,
Our Enemies, we would have them be halter'd,
But when we judge our ſelves, The Caſe is alter'd.

The Captain and Soldier.

AT the ſiege of *Hereford*, during the late Wars, a Captain in the Town, upon an aſſault of the enemy, forced one of the common Souldiers upon the Wall, in a place where the enemy ſhot againſt with their great Ordnance, who no ſooner was there, but a Cannon-bullet ſtruck him on the head, and made his brains to fly about, ſome whereof lighted on the Captains ſhoulders, in which pickle he goes to the Governour of the Town, telling him what he had done. The Governour inſtead of commending him for it, pitying the poor mans hard fate, told him, he thought *he had more brains on his ſhoulders, than he had in his head*

Thus

Thus ſome do prompt themſelves in doing ill,
And pleaſure take anothers blood to ſpill;
But yet, O man, boaſt not of cruelty,
A plaint of guiltleſs hurt doth pierce the Sky.

The Captains Man.

A Finical Captain kept a man to wait on him: which man being one day in company, pulled off his Hat, and began his Maſters Health. Some of the company bid him put his Hat on again, telling him his Maſter was a Souldier: a Souldier! ſaid the Fellow, he is a Lyar that ſays it, *My Maſter is no Souldier, he is a Captain.*

Many ſuch Captains we of late did ſee,
Who were no Souldiers, nor would ever be:
They made a gallant ſhow, and who but they?
Yet nothing knew, but how to take their pay.

The Gentleman and his Man

A Gentleman was diſpraiſing his mans features, that he had thick ſhoulders, broad hands, and hook'd legs, but eſpecially that he had a moſt clowniſh foot. Sir (ſaid the Fellow) I have not ſuch a clowniſh foot, *but a pair of your Worſhips Shoes will fit me exactly.*

The

The Master here you see the Man doth blame,
For that which he was guilty of the same,
If Shooes so fitted both, it is suspition,
They were like to each other in condition.

Much Manners.

ONe hearing a Ladies Servants to call her Madam at every word, he thought to be more mannerly than they, and therefore put to it the Addition of Mistress, saying, *Mistress Madam, if it please your Ladyship.*

This was a man whose manners did exceed,
He would be certain for to do the deed:
For why, he knew it was as true as may be,
She was a Gentlewoman if a Lady.

On a Hand made of a Finger.

A Fellow by chopping with a Hatchet chanced to cut off one of his Fingers, afterwards telling it to a friend, how by a mischance he had made a hand of one of his fingers: The other replied. Nay, *I think you rather have marr'd a hand than made one by that loss.*

This Fellow nothing lost I understand,
If of a finger he could make a hand:

But

But yet I think he might a long time linger,
E're he to's Hand could make another finger.

Of lying like a Dog.

A Gentleman was talking with another mans Wife, before her Husband, who being jealous that ſhe ſpake no good of him, ſaid, Pray Sir believe her not, for ſhe will lie like a Dog. Marry, quoth the Gentleman, I would give a groat to ſee that trick, *for a Dog will lie with his noſe in his tayl.*

This fellow ſure led an unquiet life,
He ſhould thus to a Dog liken his wife;
But ſhe muſt break her neck ſure without fail,
Should ſhe like Dogs ſo lie with Noſe in Tayl.

The Countrey-fellow of the Souldiers.

A Countrey-fellow paſſing by *St. Pauls*, at ſuch time as the Souldiers had made an unſanctified Guard of it, he ſeeing ſo many Lobſters therein, asked a ſhop-keeper thereby, if that great place were *Noah's* Ark? the ſhop-keeper asked him the reaſon why he thought ſo? becauſe

(ſaid

ſaid he) I ſee ſo many unclean Beaſts therein.

When as Rebellion trode Religion down,
And factious Zeal did trample on the Crown,
Gods Houſe was made of Thieves a very den,
By irreligious Schiſmatizing men.

A ſingle Bond in verſe.

KNow all men by theſe preſents, that I *Thomas Brent,*
A Tanner of *Dover*, in the County of *Kent,*
Do ſtand firmly bound to *John Pepergoo,*
Of the ſame Town and County, and likewiſe Trade too,
In the ſum of ten pounds of good *Engliſh* Coyn,
To be paid to the ſaid *John*, his Heir or Aſſign:
In witneſs whereof my ſeal I do fix,
In the Month of *April*, the day twenty ſix,
The year of our Lord, ſixteen hundred ſixty ſeven,
The year of the Kings Reign, eight and eleven.

The Condition.

THE Condition of this Obligation is ſuch,
That if the above-bound *Tom Brent* do keep tutch
With *John Pepergoo*, his Heir or Aſſign,
To pay him five pounds of good lawful Coyn,
At or upon the fourteenth day of *May*,
In the dwelling-houſe of my Neighbour *John Clay*;
Then this Obligation to be void at that tide,
Or elſe in full power and force to abide.
Sealed and delivered in
The preſence of *George* and *James Lynn*.

A Receipt in Verſe.

REceived this ſixteenth of *June* of *John Grounds*,
Of good lawful Money, the ſum of four pounds;
In full of all Debts, which are hitherto due,
With all other Accompts which may thereby accrue:

And

And the ſaid *John Grounds* may not be deceived,
I write with my Pen again once more Received

By me *Hugh Pimpernel.*

Mr. Durant *and the Lady of* Paris.

A Lady of *Paris* who was ſuſpected of inchaſtity, was ſpeaking before a Reverend Divine of the *French* Reformed Church, That the Scripture was very hard to be underſtood. Why (ſaid the Divine) what can be more plain, than, *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery*?

This Ladies great Objection was but vain,
The Doctor ſhew'd her where the Text was plain;
But thoſe wh' are loath to leave their foul abuſes,
Will for their Crimes have evermore excuſes.

Tom Scots *Statue.*

DUring the time of the *Rump-Parliament*, ſeveral *Fanaticks* went about to Petition to their *Rogue-ſhips*, that *Tom Scot* for his extraordinary great ſervice in the Cauſe of the Common-wealth, might

have

have a ſtatue of braſs erected for him, but coming to one (whom they thought better affected to their Cauſe than he was) to have his hand to their Petition, he told them that he thought a ſtatue of braſs would not be ſo convenient, there being ſuch a great ſcarcity of Money at that time, but a wooden Gibbet would be far cheaper, and (as he thought) *would become him better.*

This fellow ſure had a diſcerning wit,
He did Scots deſtiny ſo rightly hit,
Too much for him a Statue made of Braſs,
A Gibbet and a Rope more fitter was.

A little Wife the leaſt evil.

A Luſty tall fellow had married a very little low woman to his wife, being asked the reaſon why he would marry with ſuch a Dwarf, He replied, *That of evils it was always beſt to chooſe the leaſt.*

Women with ſo many faults do abound,
'Tis ſaid but few good of their Sex is found,
That if they were as little as they're good,
A Peaſcod-ſhell would make them Gown and Hood.

Of chusing of Wives.

ONe said, that chusing of Wives was like to drawing in the Lottery, where for one prize a man should meet with twenty blanks Sir *Thomas Moor* was wont to say. To the plucking by casualty Eels out of a bag, wherein for every Eel are twenty Snakes.

There are more Flints than Diamonds by far,
And more bad wives than good ones sure there are;
If good ones be so scarce, great luck hath he,
That gets one good (if any such there be.)

The condemned Prisoner.

A Fellow condemned to dy, when he was going to be had out of the Prison to the Gallows, it fell on raining so heavily as if a second Deluge would have ensued. He seeing the Officers standing still expecting when it would hold up that they might have him away, told them, they might go home again if they pleased, *for he was not in such haste, but that he could stay till another time.*

This fellow was not sentenced to dye
You may be certain for his honesty;

Though hanging he did know would be his Lot,
He would have one Jeſt e're he went to Pot.

The Unthrift and his Sweet-heart.

A Fellow that was a great Spend-thrift, told his Sweet-heart that he loved her like *Any thing*. What *thing* do you mean, ſaid ſhe? *Any thing* Sweet-heart, quoth he, what you pleaſe. Then (replyed ſhe) do not love me like Money; *for then I am certain you will not keep me.*

This was a ſharp rebuke unto the Lover,
Whoſe great unthriftineſs it ſeems did move her;
Women moſt cunning, crafty, ſubtile be,
And can as deep as men in Milſtones ſee.

The vapouring Fellow.

A Fellow boaſted that he had a Suit and Cloak, the Cloth whereof was worth thirty ſhillings a yard; a Beaver Hat worth three pounds, a pair of ſilk-ſtockings, Spaniſh-leather-ſhooes, Flanders-lac'd band, Holland-ſhirt, and ſeveral other things anſwerable to them. One hearing him to brag thus, asked him where they were? for he never ſaw him wear any ſuch? No (ſaid he)

nor

nor I fear never ſhall, *for I have them all in my head, but I am afraid they will never come upon my back.*

This fellow in his fancy did divine,
He was in Cloaths extraordinary fine;
But that (pies on't) which all the miſchief bred,
They were not on his back, but in his head.

Of a Church-porch.

TWo Fellows going by a Church which had a Porch new built to it; one of them ſaid, This Church hath a pretty Porch built before it. Nay (ſaid the other) that I am ſure is not true, *for the Church was built hundreds of years before the Porch.*

This fellow would have puzzl'd been to find
A Church, which had the Porch to it behind;
For if the Porch be not the Church before,
How do men thereby enter at the Door?

The ſubmiſs Cardinal.

A Cardinal of *Rome* was ſo ſubmiſs, that he would eat his meat upon a Net, as it were in a way of devout humility. Afterwards he was choſen to be *Pope*; whereupon he commanded them to take away the Net, ſaying, *that he had caught that which he fiſhed for.*

This Pope fiſh'd fair, to catch a tripple Crown,
Who would not thus to riſe at firſt fall down?
This is the way to get aloft the higheſt,
For Balls hardeſt caſt down, do mount the higheſt.

A new Trick to know the Father of a Child.

A Wench was gotten with Child in a Knights ſervice, and brought to bed of a goodly Boy, before it was publickly known in the houſe: After her upriſing, being examined before a Juſtice of the Peace to know who was the Father of the Child, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not tell well her ſelf; for there was two of the Knights Servants that had to do with her about the ſame

me time, whereof one was a *Welch-man*, e other an *Engliſh-man*; one of them ſhe id was the Father, but which of the two e was not certain. This doubtful Caſe t the Juſtice into a great quandary, upon hich of them to lay the Charge of bring- g up the Child: But the Clerk ſaid, he ould ſoon decide the Controverſie whoſe e Child was; and thereupon went into e Kitchin and toaſted a bit of Cheeſe, and en brought it and offered it the Child, tting it to his mouth, which made the hild to cry, refuſing it as much as it could. Whereupon the Clerk ſaid, Upon my life e *Welchman* is not the Father of it, for if e were, *he would have eaten toaſted Cheeſe at o hours old.*

This was a trick, which moſt mens thoughts beguil'd,
To find out the true Father of the Child:
If men ſhould once attain to ſuch an Art,
Some Wives would wiſh them hang'd with all their heart.

No Wit like a Womans.

A Carpenter had married a very handſome woman to his Wife, but that ſhe earing Cork-ſhooes, it made her ligh-

heel'd. This Carpenter uſed to work about a mile from home; but for the Love that he bore to his wife, he would every night come back to bed with her, although as it ſeem'd ſhe had rather to have had his room than his company; for no ſooner was he gone but his place was ſupplied by another whom ſhe loved more dearly, his next neighbor, who by trade was a Grocer. It happened one morning, that the Carpenter went forth as he was accuſtomed; but before his place was cold, another was gotten therein: He had not gone a quarter of a mile, but there fell ſuch a ſtorm of rain, with likelihood of continuance, that he returned back again; and drawing the Latch, went into the Houſe: which the Grocer hearing crope out of the bed underneath it as faſt as he could. It being not yet day, the Carpenter pull'd off his Cloaths and went to bed; where he had not layn above a quarter of an hour, but that it ceaſt raining; and the ſky appearing very clear, gave great hopes of a fair day: which the Goodwife perceiving, fearing her Lover would catch cold, by being without his Cloaths underneath the Bed, ſhe jogg'd her Husband telling him now the ſky was very clear, and therefore deſired him to riſe to go to work

The

The Carpenter, who was very obſervant to his wife, did accordingly; but it being ſo dark that he could not ſee, he miſtook, and put on the Grocers Breeches inſtead of his own: and ſo going his journey, when he came to his work, putting his hand in his pocket to pull out his Compaſſes, he found there a handful of Money, at which he much marvelled, knowing not how it ſhould come there; onely he thought it was no bad luck to have his pockets ſo lined; yet was he in a quandary whether he was awake or in a dream, he being ſeldome maſter of ſuch a purchaſe. Putting his hand in his other pocket, he found there a bunch of Keys, a Note-Book, and ſome other Papers; which encreaſed his wonder more than before: but looking down towards his Legs, he ſaw the Breeches were all full of Ribbands, whereas his own had never a one of them. Not knowing what to think thereof, he reſolved to go home again and confer with his wife. In the mean time the Grocer miſſed his breeches, and telling the Goodwife thereof, they knew not what to do, onely ſhe thought it was his beſt way not to ſtay, judging her husband had gotten them on, which might occaſion his ſudden return: and indeed her ſuſpition herein proved true; for no ſooner

was the Grocer gone, but the Husband returned home, where he found his Wife weeping and wayling and taking-on most bitterly: he asking her the reason thereof; O (said she) *The Grocer at the next door yesternight brought a pair of Breeches hither for me to mend for him, and I being willing to earn a penny, and not always to rely upon your gettings, took the business upon me, since which time, I know not how, some body hath come in and stollen them away; but if I knew that Cuckoldly Rogue that had them, I would have him hanged if it were possible.* Then casting her eyes fully upon him, O *lack Husband*, said she, *I see you have gotten them on; truly I was afraid they had been lost, but hereafter I will have more care of such things as long as I live.* The Husband hereupon pulled them off, and gave them to his wife; but withal told her, *That he had rather allow her two pence out of his dayes wages, than that she should earn a penny in such sort.*

The Proverb says (and Proverbs often hit)
There's nothing like unto a Womans Wit;
They can lead men by th' Nose even where they will,
Be arrant Wheres, and yet seem honest still.

The

The young Scold.

A Young man and a Maid being newly married, the Mother of the Bride told her, That she must use her Husband at first according as she made account to have him afterwards; the next day she going to see her Daughter again, found her a scolding at her Husband: her Mother chiding her for it; Why? said she, Did not you bid me to use him at first as he should find me afterwards? and I am sure he is like to have enough of this always, *Therefore I thought it was best to use him to it at first, that he might bear it afterwards with the more patience.*

Some womens tongues are so much given to walk,
They in their sleep can scarce refrain from talk;
This woman was resolv'd always to scold,
And so began as she meant to hold.

A new Modell'd Common-wealth.

WHen one of the late *Regicides* had written a Book to have the Common-wealth of *England* modell'd like to that of *Israel*, and had spoken something in the House to that purpose: one made Answer,

swer, That the *Israelitish*-government might now do very well, *for the people were become almost all Jews.*

Though men did then the name of Christians use,
Too many in their practice were meer Jews;
To cheat and cozen they had the right Art;
God in their mouths, the Devil in their heart.

The Power of Money.

CAptain *Talbot*, being Governour of *Calice*, in the time of King *Henry* the Eighth; the King sent to him to erect a new Work at the Water-gate, and to see the Town well Fortified; to which the bold Captain returned answer, *That he could neither Fortifie nor yet Fistifie without Money.*

Money doth make the Mare to go, the Pot
To boyl, it makes the old woman to trot;
The Lawyer for to prate, the Souldier fight,
Money doth compass all things by its might.

The Wolf's Conſcience.

A Wolf being ſick, went to his Ghoſtly Father, who for his penance impoſed on him that he ſhould eat no more meat in two days, than he thought in his Conſcience was worth three-half-pence: Away went the Wolf diſcontented; but ſhortly after meeting an Ewe and a Lamb (his greedy ſtomach now calling for food) ſeeing ſo fair a Prey, and not knowing ſuddenly how to perform his Penance, and yet ſatisfie his hunger; Stay (ſaid he) no more but what in my Conſcience I value at one peny half-peny; Why then (quoth he) in my Conſcience I value the Ewe at a peny, and the Lamb at a half-peny; and ſo eat them both.

Thus when the Law doth in our Hands lie,
We to our ſelves uſe partiality;
We over our own faults can eaſily leap,
Sell dear to others, and our ſelves buy cheap.

Concerning Cuckolds.

ONe was ſaying, That he thought in his Conſcience ſuch a Neighbour of his

was

was a Cuckold: to whom his wife said, Husband, why do you say so? *You are such another man!*

Some men at others fortunes will gape out,
Although the same comes to themselves about:
When he with forked fortune jeers his Brother,
His Wife him tells, that he is such another.

The Countrey-mans Fear.

UPon the Death of *Oliver Cromwel*, the News thereof being bruited abroad in the Countrey, a Countrey-man very seriously said, *Truly Sirs, it is to be feared, that after the death of this* Protector, *there will be some other man takes upon him to be* Protector, *which may occasion a strange* Resurrection *to be among the people about it.*

Your Countrey-men most of them in this point,
In their discourse knock words quite out of joynt:
Let them then cease of State-affairs to prattle,
And mind their ploughing, and to tend their Cattle.

Of Colonel Morley.

COlonel *Morley* being made Lieutenant of the Tower a little before General *Moncks*

Moncks coming to *London* out of *Scotland*, one was telling it to his friend, That the *Tower was committed to Colonel* Morley. Marry (said he) and that is far better for him, than for him to *be committed to the Tower.*

I think there's none but will conclude with me,
Imprisonment is worse than Liberty,
Few to a Prison so much love do bear,
But would rather Masters be, than Prisoners there.

On Rats gnawing of Hose.

ONe told his friend, that the Rats had gnawn his Hose, asking him very seriously what he thought it signified? Marry (said he) it signifies that your Hose is gnawn, but it is not so strange a thing that the Rats should gnew your Hose, as it would have been *if your Hose had eat up the Rats.*

Some men, if that a Hare but cross their way,
They think bad luck attends them all that day,
This man I judge was like to one of those,
For 'twas bad luck the Rats to eat his Hose.

A Tale

A Tale of a Pair of Boots.

A Young Gentleman living not far from *Newmarket*, was a Suiter to a fair Lady dwelling at *Cho'chester*, in the County of *Essex*; now this young Gallant having never travelled before five miles from his Fathers house, imagined the same the Citizens Wife did, who having never in her Life-time been out of *London*, would needs perswade her Husband, That though she had twenty miles to ride, and it was a rainy day, yet they two might ride safe and dry all the way under the Penthouses. So this Spruce Blade, thinking all the World was Heath-ground, though it was in the depth of Winter, and his man perswaded him to put on his Winter-boots, he would not go thither in any but a pair of thin Calves-leather *Essex* Boots, alleadging this reason for it, That he knew his Mistress would love him the better, when she see he came to court her in a pair of her Countrey Boots. Whereupon he sets forward on his Journey; but he had not gone above half his way, before he took such an excessive cold in his feet, that he was forced to alight at a poor blind Ale-house, at a place called *Black-Chappel*, within three miles of *Dunmow*,

now, where he had no ſooner got a fire made, and his Boots (which hung about his Legs like Chitterlings) with much a-do pulled off, but he fell into a violent Ague, ſo that he was immediately compelled to take his bed, where he remained many days. This Ale-houſe-keeper where he lay, did keep in his houſe a young Water-ſpaniel, which he had newly taught to fetch and carry, this wanton unlucky Whelp, ſeeking about the houſe in the midſt of the night for ſome bones to eat, lights upon the Gentlemans Boots, which he no ſooner meets with, but being deſirous to put in practice what his Maſter had ſo lately taught him, he takes firſt one Boot, and afterwards another. and carries them into the Entry, where finding them wet and ſoft, falls to tearing them, and in ſhort time pulled and gnawed them into many pieces. Now it chanced that in the morning early, before it was light, the old-mans wife (who alſo dreſſed Tripes for to get a living) was called up by a Butcher who brought her ſome In-wards of a Beaſt for the ſame purpoſe; which ſhe had no ſooner received, but returning back through the Entry, ſhe unhappily ſtumbled upon the Gentlemans mangled Boots, ſo as letting fall what ſhe had in her hands

upon

upon them, groping in the dark, ſhe took up all together, and carrying them into the Kitchin, (without lighting a Candle) firſt cut, and then waſhed and dreſſed them altogether, and having afterwards well boyled the Boots amongſt the reſt in the Kettle, which over-night ſhe had ſet over the fire: for the ſame purpoſe, ſhe caſt them into her ſcowring-tub, where for a while we will leave them, and tell you what became of our ſick Gentleman. Within few days after, he began to recover, and waxed very hungry, was calling his Landlord to know what meat he had in the houſe. Truly Sir (quoth he) we have nothing but a Diſh of Tripes of my Wives own dreſſing, which if you pleaſe to have, they ſhall be made ready immediately. Well, they were accepted of, and brought to the Gentleman, who ſitting up in his Bed, did feed heartily, till ſuch time as taking up a piece of thin, long, lean, Tripe (as he ſuppoſed) and finding a ſtring jagged about the edge of one ſide of it, he called up his Landlady, and deſired to know what part of the Beaſt that was? The poor woman ſearching it, and diſtruſting what it was, but not dreaming how it ſhould come there, without ſpeaking one word, runs down ſtairs into the Kitchin, where ſhe

was

was no ſooner come to ſearch for the Gentlemans Boots, but ſhe finds the puppy-dog tearing of the vampings, which he had lately transform'd into ſlippers. In the mean time the Gentleman would not be ſatisfied, but calls for her again to anſwer his queſtion? who as ſoon as ſhe was come to him, he again demands of her, what part of the inſide of the Beaſt that was he held in his hand? The poor woman, though fearful and trembling, yet wittily replied, That ſhe believed it to be rather a part of the outſide, then the inſide of the Beaſt, meaning the Hide; and begging pardon for her careleſneſs, and the Dogs wantonneſs, deſired his Worſhip to forgive them both, telling him plainly, That that piece he ſhewed her, was a piece of his Worſhips boots; and that the threads, that looked like a purle or edging upon the Tripe, was nothing but the raggs of the Shoomakers ends which hung about it. The Gentleman at this accident one while laughing, and another while fretting, cauſed the Old-man to ride away ſpeedily to *Chelmsford*, for a ſtrong pair of waxed Boots; but what with his delay, by reaſon of his ſickneſs, and afterwards for want of Boots) to viſit his Miſtris, whom he promiſed to have ſeen a week be-

fore) ſhe imputing his long ſtay, rather to a neglect and ſlighting of her, than his preſent misfortune, immediately contracted her ſelf to another, who had formerly been a Servant to her, and at his coming diſcarded him; by which means he loſt his Miſtriſs, his labour, his Boots, and had like to have loſt his life too, had he not happily recovered.

This Gallant was by Fortune fouly croſt,
For want of waxed Boots his Love he loſt;
Therefore young men when you intend to wed,
Be ſure that you of waxed Boots be ſped.

Of *Predictions of Weather.*

ONe ſaid after a great Rain, that he knew we ſhould have abundance of wet, the Cocks did crow ſo much: To whom another replied, *That it was no marvel Cocks ſhould crow; but if Fiſhes had ſo done, it had been wonderful indeed.*

To ſee Sun ſhine by day and Moon by night,
Are things ſo common, they do none affright;
But ſhould they from their courſe quite different change,
Sun ſhine by night, and Moon by day, 'twere ſtrange.

A notable

A notable Rogue.

A Fellow that for ſome miſdemeanors which he had committed, was whipt at the Carts arſe, he held back with all the ſtrength he had. A Gentleman pittying his condition, bid him bear forwarder, that he might be the ſooner out of his pain. *Sir* (ſaid he) *it is my turne now to be whipt, and I will go as I liſt; and when it comes to be your turne, do you go as you pleaſe.*

This Rogue as ſure as Egs had bad his breeding
Where other Rogues their lodging have and feeding:
Men let alone, they ſay do live the longer,
And Rogues wink't at, in Roguery grow the ſtronger.

The Water-man and Rumpers.

TWo Members of the *Rump-Parliament* being upon the *Thames* with a pair of Oars; one of them ſaid, You Watermen are meer Hypocrites, *you Row one way and look another.* Marry, replied one of the Watermen, we have not plyed ſo long at *Weſtminſter*-ſtairs for nothing, but have learned ſomething of our Maſters that ſit there

to pretend one thing, and act another.

Thus Water-men (or elſe this Tale doth lie
Did of the Rump learn ſome Hypocriſie;
For men will do as did their firſt begetters,
And Water-men learn ſomething of their betters.

The two Wenches that could do every thing, *and* nothing.

A Carrier brought up two Wenches to *London*, which were beſpoke by the Landlady at the Inn where he lay. When they made their appearance in the houſe the Hoſteſs asked the firſt of them, What ſhe could do? Who told her that ſhe could do *every thing*: Then asked ſhe the other What ſhe could do? She replied, *Nothing*. Nothing? ſaid the Hoſteſs, Why came you up to *London* then? I intended (quoth the Wench) for to have done *ſomething*, but my *Partner here before me hath promiſed to do* every thing, *and hath left me* nothing *to do*.

The firſt Maids Tongue at random much did wag,
Thus ore her fellow for to boaſt and brag;
But oft-times when it comes unto the teſt,
Thoſe who the moſt do brag, perform the leaſt.

The Husband and Wife.

A Fellow called his wife Whore: Aye, ſaid ſhe, you'l never leave your Jeaſie; *But*——. *But* what, quoth he? Your ow horned-beaſts, ſaid ſhe, *for if I am a re, you have Hornes to But as well as they.*

Such words muſt needs a Woman anger ſore?
To have a Husband for to call her Whore,
Who'll blame this Woman then, that in this ſort,
She gave her Husband ſuch a ſhrewd retort;

Of Bones being at reſt.

A Fellow after dinner was kicking the Bones about the houſe: to whom one ſ, What do you mean to do ſo? *Now the y is full, the bones would be at reſt.*

When men have eaten, and their bellies full,
The Bones love eaſe, the Spirits do grow dull;
Therefore I think that Proverb them well fits
That gormandize, Fat paunches have lean iwts.

Of putting down Chriſtmas.

WHen the *Rump-Parliament* had vote down the keeping of *Chriſtmas*; Fellow ſaid, it was high time for them ſo do, *ſince moſt of their printed Acts began to put under Chriſtmas Pies.*

When the Rump ſaw the women do ſuch fa
Under their Chriſtmas Pies to put their Ac
They Chriſtmas voted down, and thus t
ſay
The effects will ceaſe, the cauſe being took
way.

The Comique Poets Anſwer.

WHen one accuſed a Comical Po that he brought a lewd d ebauch Ruffian on the Stage, and ſo gave bad e ample to young men: *True* (ſaid he) *brought ſuch a man on, but I hanged him be he went off, and ſo I gave them a good exam*

To ſee men thrive, and gallant it in ſin,
May for a while mens fancies to it win;
But when they ſee vice puniſhed ſeverely,
They think men for their Pleaſures pay full
dearly.

Of taking the Covenant.

WHen the *Scotch Covenant* (that *ignis fatuus* of Religion) was by the Long Parliament ordered to be taken throughout the whole Kingdom; a Preacher of the Cauſe, to perſwade his Pariſhioners the more forceably to take it, in his Sermon told them this ſtory. About twelve years agoe (ſaid he) there was a great Lottery at *Colcheſter*, which was twelve pence apiece for every Lot that was drawn: amongſt others that went to it was a Cobler and an Oyſter-woman; the Cobler preſſing in firſt, had a Lot delivered him, but when he viewed it, he found fault with it, that there was a flaw or chink in it, ſomething amiſs, and therefore he would not have it: The Oyſter-woman that was behind him, ſeeing him to refuſe it, held up her hand, and cryed aloud, *Give it me, give it me*: which being given to her, when ſhe opened it, there was a prize for her of fourſcore pounds: when the Cobler who would needs have another, had for his onely a Blank. The ſtory (ſaid he) you may think to be mean, but the Application ſhall be good enough I'le warrant ye. Many people come hither to take the Covenant, and moſt of them are like to the

Cobler in the ſtory, they find ſome flaws or chinks therein, ſomething or other that is amiſs, and therefore they will not take it; but you ſhould all of you herein imitate the good oyſter-woman, hold up your hands, and cry, *Give it me, give ie me*; wherein you will find the great prize, more worth unto you then fourſcore pounds, *&c.*

Thus when Rebellion cryed down Religion,
The Covenant (that Holy Cheat) a widgeon
Did make of many a man, which ſince expir'd
In as great ſcorn, being by the Hangman fir'd

Hugh Peters.

Hugh Peters Preaching to the People for them to bring in their gold Rings, ſilver Thimbles, Bodkins, Bowls, and what other Plate they could ſpare, for the propagation of Sack-Poſſets, and the advancement of the Cauſe: About the middle of his diſcourſe (for ſermon I cannot call it) he puts his hand into his pocket, and pulls out from thence a Ribband full of Rings, Bodkins, and other the like ſtuffe, which he held up to the People, ſaying, Look you here beloved, ſee what the honeſt Sea-mens wives of *Ipſwich* have beſtowed for the furtherance of the Cauſe! nither

is this all, they brought in likewise their silver Cups and Goblets, protesting that when their Husbands came home, *they would make them be glad to drink in the Horn.*

This was the Buffoon-Priest, Rebellions staff,
That with his Jests did make old Noll *to laugh;*
But in his mirth he quite began to faulter,
When 'bout his neck encircled was the halter.

The Cowardly Captain.

A Captain running away at the first onset of the battel, one said, Though the Captain were not a *Fowle*, yet he play'd a *foule* part, to *flye* away, and leave the *Body* and the *Wings* of the Army behind him.

This Captain was no dainty man of might,
He lov'd their Pay, better then lov'd to Fight;
When Bullets flye about, he understands,
One pair of Legs is worth two pair of hands.

Awstty

A witty Anſwer of a Maid.

ONe deſiring a Maid to go to a Gentleman and kiſs him: Nay Sir (ſays ſhe) *I'le nere go to Market for that ware, which I can have brought home to my door.*

This Maid was very politick no doubt,
To bring her purpoſe the beſt way about;
Unwiſe is ſhe, who doth by travel ſore,
Purchaſe what ſhe might have brought to the door.

One going to hanging.

A Fellow going to be hanged, ſeeing the People to run by him apace towards the Gallows; he told them they ſhould not need to make ſo much haſte, *for there would be no ſport till he came there.*

If to be hang'd were but a ſportful touch,
There's many a one would it not value much:
But they do find there's ſomething more than laughter,
To make wry mouths, and nere be merry after.

The

The valiant Fellow.

ONe that had been at the Fight at *Worceſter*, and being askt what Exploits he had done there? Anſwered, *That he had cut off a Scotch-mans legs.* Reply being made, That it had been ſomething if he had cut off his head: *Oh* (ſaid he) *you muſt conſider his head was off before.*

This Fellow needs would have his valour known,
Although the ſame upon the dead were ſhown:
Val oubeing rightly plac'd is a high jewe
And none but Cowards to the dead are cruel.

The Cheater.

SEveral People playing at Pigeon-holes, a Cheater ſtanding by, offer'd to lay three to one, upon a Caſt, with a Country-fellow; upon which advantage the Fellow laid with him; and becauſe he would be ſure not to be cheated, put his foot upon the Money, which he won; but before he could take it up, a Company of the Cheaters took him about the middle, lifting him from the ground as it were for joy, whilſt another of their confederates ran away with the ſtakes.

The

The world with cheats doth now ſo much abound,
Scarce any place that from them free is found;
Each day almoſt produces new ones ſtill,
For Rogues will ſtill be Rogues, ſay what you will.

The Fellow in haſte to be married.

ONe being asked the reaſon why he was in ſuch haſte to Marry? Replied, That there was ſuddenly a great Match to be plaid at Foot-ball, betwixt the married-men and the batchellors; and the married-men being all his friends, he was reſolved to be married, that he might take their parts.

This man did love his friends with all his heart
That would be married for to take their part:
But if his wife did not more quiet prove,
He might their envy better had, then love.

The wiſe Gallant.

TWo Gallants being in diſcourſe, one of them ſaid it was fifteen miles from *London* to *Epping*; the other replied, it was above twenty; for ten years ago (ſaid he) *I* travelled thither, and then it was fifteen; therefore now it muſt needs be twenty; for (ſaid he) do not miles grow think you as well as other Animals? but (ſaid he) when

I came

I came there, I was lodged in a Chamber ſo full of Fleas, that I was fain to lie ſtanding all night, and to make my man riſe and put out the Candle, *that they might not ſee to bite me.*

This Gallant ſure was born in a croſs year,
When Ignorance was cheap, and Wiſdom dear;
He fitter was to go to Gottam-*Colledge,*
Than to be made a Juſtice for his knowledge.

The Drawer.

TWo Gentlemen being drinking in a Tavern, wanting wine, they knocked with the Pot; whereupon the Drawer went to them, and ſaid, *Did you call Gentlemen?* No (ſaid one of them) we called not Gentlemen, *we called a Drawer.*

The Drawer did not aim his ſpeech ſo ſteady,
But the Gentleman had his Anſwer as ready,
Drawers, though ne're ſo old, are Boyes call'd ſtill,
For each will ſay, Here Boy, ſome more wine fill.

A Barber.

A Barber going to the Court, and being at his return asked what he ſaw? He anſwered, *The King was very neatly trim'd.*

Every man to his trade, the Barber view'd,
Not how the King was cloath'd, how he was ſhoo'd;
His ſole ambition was to ſee his chin.
Whether his Barber did him neatly trim.

The talking Fellow.

A Gentleman ſpying a man very earneſtly in talk, and no body near him; ſaid, Who does this Aſs ſpeak to? Surely to himſelf, *and 'tis impoſſible he ſhould ever be wiſe, that alwayes hath ſuch a fooliſh Auditory.*

Thus ſome their Tongues are evermore a going,
Aſleep, awake, whatever they are doing;
In company, alone, when they are walking,
At bed, at board, they alwayes are a talking.

Aneas

A neat way to get a Dinner.

A Hungry Traveller coming into a Victualling-house in the Countrey, there was four or five Ribs of Beef at the fire a roasting: Who is that to be roasted for, said he? Quoth the good woman, it is to serve six lusty Fellows that are at Harvest-work, for their Dinner. That (quoth the Traveller) can never be, for I can eat it all my self at a Meal. The woman said she could not believe that. To confirm your belief (said the man) I will lay two-pence of it: she being desirous to see so extraordinary an Exploit, perform'd. wagered with him, and the Meat being taken up, he fell to it lustily, eat above a shillings worth of it, and then not being able to eat any more, gave up his wager for lost, filling thereby his belly for two pence.

When as the Stomach doth require diet,
The Belly makes the Brains work to come by it,
That which good words with Coyn could scarce obtain,
A merry trick with easie cost doth gain.

The

The fat Man and lean Horſe.

A Fat man riding alwayes upon a very lean Horſe, was asked the reaſon thereof? To which he anſwered, *that he fed himſelf, but truſted others to feed his Horſe.*

The Maſters eye maketh the Horſe grow fat,
It ſeems his Horſe but little had of that:
Himſelf he fed, according as he ought,
His Horſe being out of ſight, was out of thought.

Of marrying a Widow.

ONe that was adviſed to marry a Widow, replyed, That they were too politick a Generation for him; which he proved by Similies: *Many Voyages* (ſaid he) *make an experienc'd Sea-man, Many offices a crafty Knave,* and *Many Marriages a cunning falſe widow.*

If women once comes to live widows lives,
They are more cunning far than Maids or VVives;
They are ſo vers'd in every Condition,
More than man can bring them to ſubmiſſion.

From

From whence the VVise-men came.

A Ruffling Gallant, whose bravery consisted in a gaudy suit, was bragging in every company he came, of his Gentility, and how his ancestors came out of the West. Yea, but said another that stood by, *You know that the VVise-men came out of the East.*

Thus some will brag & boast of their great birth,
Although themselves are of but little worth:
Indeed high birth it is no credit small;
But self-desert is that surpasseth all.

The Gentleman and Poulter-woman.

A Gentleman riding on the Road, overtook a Poulter-woman, whom he asked if she had drunk her mornings draught, she replying, No; then (said he) Here is to you; and let a fart. I thank ye, said she, I'll pledge ye; and let another. Now Sir, said she, I'll drink to you; and let him have or two more: but the Gentleman told her he had enough, and would drink no more. Then Sir, said she, since you will not pledge me, *pray be so civil as to kiss the Cup.*

The Gentleman the woman thought to catch,
But finds himſelf he hath met with his match.
Thus ſome who do for others ſet a trap,
To be catcht in't themſelves it is their hap.

Jack Fool.

A Certain Lord kept a Fool, whoſe name was *Jack*; this Fool was perſwaded one night that he had ſeen the Devil. The Chaplain asking him how he knew it was the Devil? Yes (quoth *Jack*) I am ſure it was he; for he was a long tall black man *as like your ſelf, as if you had been ſpit out of his mouth.*

When men with Fools diſcourſe, we often ſee,
With Roguiſh anſwers they well fitted be:
Hit who it will, they do regard it not,
For why we know, a Fools bolt is ſoon ſhot

Another of Jack.

NEar to the ſame Lords lived one of his Tennants named Mr. *Nokes*, whoſe houſe *Jack* uſed often to frequent. This Mr. *Nokes* having one day little to do, would needs play with *Jack* at blind-hob, there being no body at home but them two. *Jack* was eaſily induced to play; for he ſaw a great many black puddings hanging up

Chimney, at home his teeth water'd; therefore to accompliſh his purpoſe, he waded Mr. *Nokes* to be blinded firſt; ch being done, *Jack* gets unto the chim- to the puddings, and crying out, *Ye ſee* Nokes, *I doubt ye ſee.* No in-faith *Jack* he) I do not. *Jack* in the mean time his breeches full of puddings, and Mr. *Nokes* was groping about he ſlips doors, and away he went. Mr. *Nokes* hearing *Jack*, pulls off his vizor, and iving he was run away with his pud- ſent a great Dog after him, who ſtill came up to *Jack*, *Jack* gave him a ing, wherewith he whiled the Dog till overed his Lords houſe. Mr. *Nokes* o laught at for this, that a long time he ſtirred not out of doors: After- the Lord invited him to dinner, and ed *Jack* not to ſpeak a word to him of ddings: which *Jack* promiſed very lly to obſerve. Being at dinner, tongue was very buſie, wherefore my earing he would forget his charge, his finger to him; which *Jack* per- , No, no, my Lord, quoth he, *Ile* ye, *not a word of the pudding*! Which of his made all the company ſo mer- they could ſcarce eat any pud-

ding, or meat either. for laughing.

When men with fools attempt thus for to p
The fool i' t' end the credit bears away.
In witleſs actions who attempts to enter,
His reputation very much doth venter.

Of denying being at home.

A Gentleman ſought his friend at houſe, and asked his ſervant where Maſter was; who hearing, ſaid to his vant, Tell him I am not at home. W the Gentleman over-heard, but took anſwer from the ſervant. The next the ſame man coming to the Gentle houſe, demanding of his ſervant where Maſter was; the Gentleman ſpake al Tell him I am not at home. What, ſaid will you deny your ſelf with your tongue? *Why*, (ſaid the Gentleman) *believed when my man told you I was n home; and will you not believe me, which ſ my ſelf?*

It is a wholeſom rule that bids us, Do
To others, as we would be done unto.
Be not thou angry then if thou receiveſt
The like, & be deceiv'd when thou dece

Of Godfathers.

NE had a ſon Chriſtned: his friend asked him how many Godfathers he The man told him, But two, Be ent, ſaid he, *he may have Twelve more he dies.*

many men, who laying grace aſide,
n for their miſdemeanours ſo been try'd,
had Twelve Godfathers upon them paſt,
) have into the Hangmans hands them caſt.

The Parſon that was call'd.

Parſon that was a great ſtickler in the late times of Rebellion, had by his ers of that Gang, in ſtead of a little ing in *Eſſex*, a great one given him that in *York-ſhire*; but with this condition, he ſhould leave that ſmall one in *Eſſex* reof he was then poſſeſt. Whereupon ave his Pariſhioners of the ſmall Living rewell-Sermon, telling them at the la- nd thereof, that he had for a long time a great deal of pains amougſt them, now he was to leave them, Heaven ha- called him to do good in another , One of the Pariſhioners, when he

had done, deſiring him, ſeeing he wo
have them, to reſolve him one queſtio
fore he went, which was, what that Li
might be worth he was going unto.
Parſon told him it was judged to be w
three hundred pounds a year. Ah (
the man) I perceive now your Call; t
hundred pounds a year your Living
York-ſhire; and this of ours is ſcarce w
fifty; but had Heaven called you to a
ving of twenty pounds a year, *I ſuppo*
might have hoopt and hallowed too, and ye
not have heard him.

Thus whatſoe're pretenſions there was mad
O'*th*' good old Cauſe, *Money was the*
Trade
Thoſe Rabbies *Preacht for, for they well*
know,
Money would make both Horſe and Ma
go.

The Painter.

A Painter being blamed by a Card
for colouring the viſages of *Peter*
Paul too red; tartly replied: *That he p*
tad them ſo, as bluſhing at the Pride of t
men who ſtile themſelves their Succeſſors.

Were but St. Peter now alive to see
How high his pretended Successors be;
He'd blush to see them go so richly clad,
When he himself no gold nor silver had.

The Womans wit.

TWo Women going into the Market together, one of them cheapned a hundred of Pipins; the other perswaded her not to buy tham because they were so small: Why you Fool, said she, what's matter for that? *I shall have the more to the hundred, the smaller they be.*

This woman was no doubt in her own eyes
Above the vulgar sort of women, wise;
For she could see more then was yet e're numbred,
She should of small things have most in the hundred.

The Whoremaster and Cuckold.

TWo men fell out, whereof one was a Whoremaster, the other a Cuckold: the Horn-pated man began to exclaim first, and called the other Whoremaster; Who replied, *That it was better to be a Whores Master then to have a Whore to be his Master.*

A Whoremaſter to pleaſe his appetite,
Conſumes his body, and his purſe makes light.
A Cuckold hath a quite far different fate;
His wives light heels make him a heavie pate.

Of marrying a wife without faults.

ONe ſaid he would willingly marry, but he would have a wife that was *perfect good*. To whom another ſaid, that if none but ſuch would ſerve his turn, he muſt be ſpeak her, *for there was no ſuch ready made.*

To ſearch the world, and find one woman wh
Hath got no faults, is more then thou canſt d
If thou doſt think ſo, thou haſt a wrong faith
For ſhe that hath no faults, no fellow hath.

Of marrying a Maid.

A Cautious Gentleman had refrained long from Marriage, becauſe he doubted of the honeſty of women in general, and fearing he might have a Wench in ſtead of a Maid; which he at length happened upon: for he was married to one reputed Virgin, who was with childe by another man whereupon one of his companions ſaid, that he he had taken a ſure way to marry a Maid, *for there was one in the mothers belly.*

To

Too curious some are when they go to wed,
And such with Cheats most commonly are sped:
For women they are frail and brittle ware,
And unto cracks and flaws most subject are.

Of one that would borrow money.

ONe who was used to be a borrower of money, coming one day to a rich Usurer his friend, he requested to have some private conference with him. I, quoth the other, I know your business; your private conference is but a new-coyned word for borrowing of money: I tell you (said he further) your very face and countenance looks so borrowingly, that the best words you can give me, are as dreadful as *Stand and deliver.*

A man may soon discern a borrowers case,
And read his errand in his very face:
His speeches tend to's credit's dissolution,
And looks like one going to execuiton.

On one jealous.

ONe who was jealous of his wife, made complaint of her to another; who replied to him, Fie upon that man who is such a beast to be jealous of his own wife; if.

every

every man were ſo, *it would ſpoil the getting of ſome children in the year.*

Jealouſie is a very hell on earth;
Diſturbeth quiet, and confoundeth mirth.
In vain men think from luſt women to fright 'em;
They'll make ſuch cuckolds only but to ſpight 'em.

How to diſpoſe of Four hundred pounds.

ONe who came to *London* with four hundred pounds, ſaid, I have four hundred pounds which I brought up to Town on purpoſe to mak my ſelf a clear Gentleman of it, and I do intend to beſtow it thus: The firſt hundred pound, to make me a Gentleman; the ſecond, to buy me Apparel; the third, to ſpend in pleaſure; and the fourth, I intend to be cheated of, not in Groſs, but by Retail, to try mens ſeveral Wits, and to learn to ſhift for my ſelf in time when need ſhall be.

Thus ſome do ſpend their wealth to purchaſe wit,
And yet perhaps no wiſer are for it:
But when all's gone, muſt lead a life that's poor,
Having no wealth, nor wit to get them more.

On

On a black Face, and white Clouts.

ONe having a very black face, and going clad all over in white; a Gentleman seeing it, said, *That black face with that white Garment, seemeth no other, but a fly drowned in a spoonful of milk.*

It is observ'd, that those who black bags wear,
It makes the face that's handsom seem more fair.
So by the Rule of contraries we know,
A whitehood makes a black face blacker shew.

On Chambers *and* Garret.

TWo men walking by a Gallows, whereof the one was named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*; *Chambers* said, It were a pretty Tenement, if it had but a *Garret* in it. Nay that cannot be, said the other, *It must have Chambers before it can have a Garret.*

Here hit for hit doth pass as fine as can be,
Boxed about, as boys do play at Handy:
Chambers *began, he needs would have the first on't;*
But Garret *hit him so, he had the worst on't.*

Of knowing to pay beforehand.

SOme Gentlemen being at an Ordinary where there were delicates brought up, asked the attendant What was the price thereof. *Plais il Monſieur?* that is, *Will it pleaſe you?* quoth he in French. The Gentleman hearing him anſwer in that dialect, asked him if he were a French-man, No, replied he, but I took you to be ſo, to bargain for your meat before you eat it, which is not the generous Engliſh faſhion: you ſhall know the price of your meat anon, Sir.

It is their parts who have ſmall ſtore of Coin,
To know what they muſt pay to ſup or dine:
But as for him whoſe purſe with crowns is cramd
He never aſks what is the price 'forehand.

Deep hatred.

TWo old fellows who had been long at variance, the one being ſick, the other was deſired by ſom neighbours to go viſit his adverſary, that they might be friends before he died; and they uſed this argument, That they hoped he would be friends with the ſick man before he died. *Friends?* (quoth the other) *I'll rather die with him, and fight it out by the way.*

Where

Where hatred is deep rooted in the heart,
Grim death it ſelf ſhall not from thence it part
Though God forbids the ſame, where he doth ayſ
Vengeance belongs to him, which he'll repay.

Of dying for love.

AN old Nurſe comforting her young Miſtreſs, who was fallen into a ſwound for the departure of her Servant; amongſt other expreſſions, ſhe ſaid, Look up, Miſtreſs, for your Servant ſuch a one is returned: which falling out according to her expreſſions, the Gentleman then entring the room; *Well* (quoth the Nurſe) *I have been taken a good while for a Witch, and now I ſuſpect my ſelf to be one.*

Love and a Gun ('tis ſaid) kills many a one,
But yet the Gun kills more then Love hath done.
If all had di'd for love who ſaid they di'd,
Love deadlier were then any thing beſide.

The Courtier and Noble-man.

WHen a certain Courtier complained grievouſly of his wives unchaſtneſs, a Noble-man that heard him bad him be of good chear: *for he that reſpected his wives incontinencie, or the Popes curſe, ſhould never ſleep quiet night.*

Who

Who ſeeks to hinder that which will be done,
Strives 'gainſt the Stream, and 'gainſt the winds doth run;
Diſturbs his quiet, hindereth his health,
And is the worſt foe ſtill unto himſelf.

The Thief and Countrey-man.

A Great High-way man being condemned, and going to the place of Execution; a Countrey-man who had been lately robbed followed him, and coming to the ſpeech of him, deſired he would inform him if he were the party that robbed him: for (ſays he) you are now going to die, and to confeſs or not will not prejudice you; wherefore pray tell me if you had it, or otherwiſe who it was, if you can. Truly, replied the Felon, I did not do it, : but if you will go back to *Newgate*, and ask for ſuch a one, give him but a dozen or two of Beer, and pay his Fees, which is not above forty ſhillings, and he will certainly inform you. The Felon being hanged, the Countrey-man went to *Newgate* in hopes to find out who it was that robbed him. When he came thither, he found the party he asked for, with ſeveral of his Comrades drinking Healths to the ſouls of their departed bre-

brethren: he for a while accompanied them in that exercise, and anon told the Felon what he came for, and who sent him. Now (says he) I am willing to pay your Fees. Which the Felon kindly accepted, promising him fair, and so he was discharged. Now (said the Country-man) I hope you will resolve me my question. *Truly* (quoth the Felon) *I resolve you this, that if my Companion had not sent you hither to pay my Fees, I must have tarried here for them, but he was honest to me always, and as he lived, so he died.*

Here was friendship indeed, birds of a feather,
They liv'd & lov'd, & rogu'd & joyn'd together
And so were linkt to either in their Heart,
The very Gallows should not friendship part.

Another of a Felon.

ANother Felon being on his fatal Journey up Holborn-Hill, a Vintner who had lost a silver Bowl, desired him to tell him (if he knew) who it was that had it, which for a pint of Canary he promised to do, but having drunk it, he told the Vintner, *he was in haste now; because the people staid for him, but when he came back he would tell him all.*

Thus when as men are hardned in their ſin,
The dread of death can them to no grace win:
They are ſo bolſtred up in villany,
That as they live Rogues, ſo they Rogues will die.

Another.

ANother Felon going to Execution on a cold winters day, and coming neer a great pond on this ſide *Tyburn*, deſired the Carter to ſtop, that he might ſpeak with the Sheriff; who being come to him, he ſaid thus: Mr. Sheriff, I am now going to leave the world, and therefore I would be loath to conceal any thing which may do others good: I confeſs that the laſt Robbery I committed was in this place; and I being hotly purſued, having a great purſe of money, I threw it into the midſt of this pond. The people hearing him tell this to the Sheriff, notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the weather, preſently ran into the pond to ſearch for the money; which they did a long time, till they were weary, as was the Sheriff with ſtaying: whereupon, he came to the Felon again, and enquired further if he was not miſtaken. No (quoth the Felon) *I intended to have ſome mirth and ſport before I was hanged, and now I have had my deſire*

in

in seeing the people wet and cool themselves for nothing; and therefore now you may drive on when you please.

Thus them in whom all Rogueries do meet,
Observe this Rule, A short life and a sweet:
They'll merry be, though hang'd within an hour,
Whereby their sweet is turned into sour.

Another.

A Thief having robbed a Country-man, the Country-man pleaded hard to have him restore his money again, telling the Thief that if he carried it away, he should answer for it at the day of Judgement. Nay, said the Thief, *if you will stay for your money till then, I will take your horse too.*

Thus some to rob and steal will no man spare,
Happen what will hereafter they not care:
If they at present can supply their need,
They care not how hereafter they shall speed.

The conceited Justice and the Malefactor.

A Malefactor being brought before a conceited Justice, it was desired by the Plaintiff that the Justice would be careful in taking the Officers examination. To whom the Justice replied, I can inform my

ſelf by his very looks: I have taken a hundred examinations in my days of Felons and other offenders out of their very countenances, and wrote them down *verbatim* to what they would have ſaid: *I am ſure it hath ſerv'd to hang ſome of them, and whip the reſt.*

This Juſtice had a very nimble eye,
He could ſo in mens looks their faults eſpie:
He either had not read, or did not minde
The Proverb which doth ſay, Juſtice is blinde

The rich and poor Thief.

KIng *James* being invited in a Hunting journey to dine with a rich Gentleman in *Berk-ſhire*, turning ſhort at the corner of a Common, happened neer to a Country-man, ſitting by the heels in the Stocks, who with a loud voice wiſhed long life to his Maieſtie; which invited the King to ask the reaſon of his reſtraint. The Gentleman told him, it was for ſtealing a Gooſe from the Common, The fellow replied, I beſeech your Majeſtie to judge who is the greater Thief, I for ſtealing Geeſe from the Common, or his Worſhip for robbing the Common from the Geeſe. Said the King to the Gentleman, *I'll not dine to day on your diſhes, till you reſtore the Common for the poor to*

fee

ed their Geese. Which was forthwith granted to them, and the witty fellow set free.

Thus poor Thieves we do in the Stocks behold,
When rich ones flant it in their chains of gold:
For men unto themselves most partial be:
Poor Thieves are punisht, when the rich go free.

On a sentence written upon a house.

ONe had written upon his house in Latine, *God keep the wicked hence.* A Gentleman reading it, said, *The Master then must not enter here.*

This builder needs would be accounted good,
Else had this Moto on his house not stood.
But he one of that number was, no doubt,
Which by this sentence was to be kept out.

The Gentlewomans conceit where Hell was.

A Traveller related to a Gentlewoman, that he had been in the Antipodes, which is just under our feet, where they walk (said he) upon firm earth, and have the firmament over their heads, as we have here. And are they just under us? (quoth the Gentlewoman) and where is Hell then? If they whose feet are toward us at the lower

part of the world have Heaven too beyond their heads, where is Hell? *Sure Hell is above-ground then, in jealous husbands.*

Sure jealousie it is a kinde of Hell,
In which men do in torments live and dwell.
This Gentlewoman sure did know as much,
That she thought hell to be onely in such.

ONe who was justly jealous of his wife's honesty, resolved to make away himself; and telling his minde to his friend, he disswaded him from it, saying, *If every man who is a Cuckold should do so, what an infinite number of distressed widows there would be!*

If men would look before, and not behind them,
They might perceive horns, though they did not minde them;
For many do wear horns, that cannot winde them;
And wives can tell their husbands where to finde them.

The unskillful Painter.

AN unskilful Painter shewed to an excellent Workman a painted Table, and told him that it was done in hast. To which

which he answered. *That he might have shared to tell him so; for the work sufficiently shewed the same.*

Shew not thy work to those that do excel,
Unless that thou thy self canst do as well:
For if thou dost, expect from them always
To have a frump or jeer, instead of praise.

Of asking for debts.

A Gentleman who was in good cloathes being asked for Money, replied, If I have any more left to maintain a large Stomach, and a long Bladder, then one comely Shilling, together with a single ounce of Tobacco, I am the Son of a Car-man.

Ask them for money who minde not to pay,
They still will put you off with some delay.
Who want of Liquor and Tobacco fear,
Will pay no debts, a man may almost swear.

Of Astrologers.

ONe who confided much in Astrologers, being told by him that his Children would have very ill fortunes, and become Beggers, it made him exceeding melancholy: to divert him from which, a Gentleman said thus unto him: Trust Astrologers? hang'um Wizards, old blinde Buzzards; for

once

once that they hit, they miſs a thouſand times, and moſt times give judgement quite contrary, good for bad, and beſt for worſt: one told a Gentleman his ſon ſhould be a man-killer, and hang'd, who afterwards proved a great and rich Phyſician, and with great fame in the Univerſity was hanged up in a Picture for a grave example. Another found that a ſquint-ey'd boy ſhould prove a notable Pick-purſe, and afterwards a moſt ſtrong Thief; when he grew up to be a cunning Lawyer, and at laſt died a Judge. Quite contrary, how many have been marked out by theſe Wizards for Fools, that after have been pricked for Sheriffs! A Shepherd-boy was foretold to be a drunkard, and to get his living from Bawds, Whores, Thieves, Quarrellers, and the like; and he became a Suburb-Juſtice, and lived in Wine and Worſhip by the fees racked out of ſuch delinquents.

Prognoſticators, and that lying crew,
Would have their lyes to paſs for what is true
But where they hit the truth one time, no leſs
Then forty times for it they wrong do gueſs.

Of a Sheriff.

A Rich covetous perſon being choſen Sheriff of a County, not knowing which

which would be cheapeſt, to fine or hold, went to a friend of his who had born the ſame Office, and enquired of him what it coſt him. The other told him he gained Five hundred pounds by the Office. Whereupon, this covetous Churl would not fine, but held Sheriff. But at the years end, he found that he had ſpent a thouſand pounds more than he had received: Wherefore he went to his Friend, and told him that he had ſpent a thouſand pound. Then, ſaid his Freind, you have been a better Husband than I was: for *I gave my Steward two Thouſand pounds to ſpend, and he returned me five Hundred of it; which I reckoned gain, becauſe I intended to have ſpent it all.*

Had this Churl reckon'd that his Office would
Have ſtood him in two thouſand pound, he ſhould
Have gain'd a thouſand pound ſo by that lot:
For that which is ſo ſav'd, is counted got.

King Richard *the third and the* Woodvils.

RIchard the third ſaid of the *VVoodvils*, (who were brothers to the wife of his brother King *Edward* the fourth, and were by him advanced to the degree of Noblemen) *That many were made Nobles, who formerly were not worth a Noble.*

Take

Take this as 'twas deliver'd from his tongue,
Where private malice joyn'd with falſhood hung.
Had truth been joyned with the words were ſpoke
The Jeſt had better paſt, being better broke.

An honeſt Sergeant.

A Sergeant at Mace dying before he had ſold his place, whereby it came to the Sheriff; his widow went to the Sheriff, deſiring him to be ſo good as to give her leave to ſell it, or at leaſt give her moſt of what it ſhould yeeld; urging this as a reaſon to the Sheriff that her husband was an honeſt man. *I* (replied the Sheriff) ſo he was; *and I had rather all my Officers had died then he.*

A Serjant for to die an honſt man!
A Paradox, deny it who that can.
But yet the Sheriff had gain'd by it though,
If all his Officers had died ſo.

The End.

ONe reading toward the end of a book' found the Author talk of concluding' *Marry* (ſaid he) *had there been no concluſion it had been the longeſt and ſtrangeſt of books.*

So I likewiſe no time will longer ſpend,
But of my book I here will make an end.
If any's mirth more harmleſs be then mine is,
I'll ſay no more, but ſtop my mouth with

FINIS.